

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE Hispano-American war is over. For some reason or another it was, perhaps, the most inglorious thing in which two nations were ever engaged. We cannot discuss with any idea of reaching any conclusion the reasons why the United States went to war with Spain, but we do know that the whole business has been a miserable slaughter by fever and long-range guns, of those concerned in it. Spain had no more chance to win than a swallow would have to build a nest in hell. Everybody knew this from the beginning; everybody knew the result from the beginning. Nobody is well prepared to say whether the terms of settlement are fair or not, because nobody knows the cost excepting the administrators of the United States. Their administration has been something horrible. The Cubans have not suffered half what the United States soldiers have suffered. The Yankee administration has been, without doubt, unutterably bad. Spain may be made to pay for this on account of Spain's administration of Cuba having been even worse. The world will know, however, that the administration of both nations in this little war has been simply too villainous to describe. Spain was so corrupt that she had nothing that she could use effectually; the United States authorities have been so corrupt, or at least so oblivious, that their army and navy service in detail, though not in action, was the laughing-stock of the world. All through it was a funny fight. On one side was a power so enormous that it could not be resisted, but so badly organized that a first-class power could have whipped it in a week. On the other hand was a power so rotten that it could not have succeeded if the war had lasted for a hundred years.

The fight is ended; there is no glory for anybody. The division of property will be interesting. The United States may do the fair thing, but who is to decide what is the fair thing? for the Lion's paw is on the mouth of every nation, forbidding it to make a remark.

Take the who's business as a war, and it was ridiculous. It wasn't war. All the performances of the troops and the navy were something that might be done in a shooting-gallery. There was nobody to resist them. The navy did extraordinary things, because there was no navy to compete. The armies advanced because there was no army to resist. Men do not make an army. Sentiment in a few makes a colossal resistance; thousands without an organized sentiment make no resistance.

It is all over, and the United States should have a good deal of glory for the amount of money that has been spent, and every Yank will feel like shaking hands with himself that great things have been done. But really great things have not been done. The poor old Spanish thing has been kicked out of shape, but there is no pride in making that sort of a performance. The United States to-day does not feel that its army or navy is as capable of going up against a good square fight as it did ten years ago, or five years ago, or a year ago. They know that the victory was won because the enemy was powerless, though all nations admit that the United States could have ultimately won—and won easily—even if Spain had been a first-class power instead of a one-horse affair. However, there is no courage or glory to be derived from a victory over those who are using sand for powder and maneuvering ships that can not sail.

There is one splendid thing which has been taught the world, and that is that bluff is no good; that historical prominence is no good; that almost any outfit may be a so-called great nation; that there are no great nations except Great Britain, United States, France, Russia and Germany.

If we analyze these nations I am quite convinced that now is the hour for Great Britain to strike Russia. Let the gong sound. The colonies will stay with the Mother Land and we will see whether Russia or Great Britain can make the fight. In the heart of every Britisher there is a hatred, or at least a suspicion, of the Czar. We are willing to fight this very minute; and now, whether Lord Salisbury thinks so or not, is the moment to strike. The United States having learned some wisdom from the late war will be with us, for it is as much their fight as Britain's. Heart and soul the people, when the war spirit stirs, are together—just now. Then let it be now. Russia has no friends on earth except France, and France if she ever fights with Germany again will be out of existence. But now is the time to fight. If Lord Salisbury is wise he will give us war within a week, and the Anglo-Saxon people will teach the Czar a lesson that he will never forget. The question to be considered is not the question of the "open door" for Great Britain, it is the open door for the world; and the United States has not brought into being a navy and an army without being willing to use them for trade purposes, for Chinese trade is ultimately more the trade of the United States than it is the trade of Great Britain.

HAVE no grudge against my Christian brother who runs the Methodist *Guardian*. He must consider it a very great compliment to me to call me "Bro.", but he does it so ungraciously that I really prefer not to be a lay brother in his set. If he had desired to do me justice he would have published the whole article in which a picture of old-time camp-meetings was truly set forth and without offence to anybody. Methodism surely is not ashamed of its past. It is a cad and a poor-spirited fellow who is ashamed of his ancestors when he denies the things which happened during the rise of his family to prominence. It must be a great mistake that the Methodists have made if the man in charge of their newspaper is ashamed of the yesterday of Methodism. I did not intimate in any sense that the Methodists of to-day indulged in the peculiarities of the past, including soul-saving, and the editor of the *Guardian* is alone to blame for raising the issue. He says I hate Methodism. This is incorrect. I do not hate Methodism; I simply decline to admire the methods of some of the modern Methodists, and I refuse to become enthusiastic over the conduct of the Grimsby camp grounds. However this may be, it must appear on the surface without any argument that people nowadays do not have their

friendship, their contiguities, or anything, classified under sectarian names. I like Methodists, and Baptists, and Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics, and everybody else as they like me, and I am willing to stand a little objectionable doctrine for the sake of a personal friendship. It is nothing to me what a man's religion is. I quite freely admit that it is nothing to me if he has none if he is a well-behaved person. Consequently, "Methodist," who writes the article in the *Guardian* with regard to "Don on Methodism," is really on grounds which should not be occupied by anybody. He is trying to hit me and make Methodists believe that I dislike them. I am not trying to hit him at all, for it is very unimportant to me whether a man is a Methodist, or a Roman Catholic, or a Presbyterian. We ought to leave one another alone on these lines, but no one can tell me that the picture I made of the old camp-meeting on the Grimsby ground is wrong, because I know it is right; I was there.

When a man engages in an argument he should be sure of his position. I am quite willing to reiterate what I said, that men do not "get religion" like they get the measles. There is no getting of religion; religion is a thing to be lived, not caught in a contagious way. I will quote the paragraph in which he refers to this matter, "I hope this gifted but fickle man may see his own absurdities. He ridicules the phrase 'getting religion,' forgetting that the Scriptural term wisdom is the equivalent for religion and that the command of God is to get wisdom, or to get religion."

Wisdom and religion in no text are interchangeable words. The word religion is only once defined explicitly in the New Testament, and that is in James i., 27, where the passage is as

its circulation and the decency of its advertising columns, has been perverted into a sneer. What is the use of giving one's neighbors a kindly send-off if it is to be used to one's disadvantage? I see that in the issue of August 17 the editor is keeping up his puerile repartee, and I have decided that life is too short to argue with a man who drags in personalities and quotes names, which in ordinary journalism is not done unless the controversy is very bitter. Even if he had spelled my name right it would not have been so bad, but to have one's name misspelled as well as to have it improperly introduced is objectionable. A man who can neither quote fairly nor argue wisely should not edit a newspaper. No boyish air of condescension can cover mistakes in orthography or lapses from the dignity of discussing large topics.

THE politics of the world have changed in the last six months so remarkably that one can hardly estimate the value of one's information with regard even to the countries with which one is most familiar. The conference at Quebec, which opens on August 23, will probably display to the eyes of the nations the meaning and influence of friendships, contiguities and opportunities which have been displayed in the last military conflict. Should it be that the hard and cruel lines of the past are maintained in this great conference of the peoples most concerned, without a doubt the whole of Latin America will be ablaze, for they will see their interests threatened and their existence practically forfeited.

These gentlemen who come to Canada to consider the question should be aware, if they are not already conversant with the fact, that contiguities are now the essence of Western continental politics. If they see fit to ignore this phase in any

THE project is engaging the attention of a considerable number of people, of a consumption hospital near the city.

Those enterprises which are remote and have rather hypothetical reasons for their existence should not detract from the desirability of this affair, which is endorsed by a great many of the physicians of Toronto. I have always felt that it was rather ridiculous to send people who wished to be isolated two or three hundred miles when they could be isolated in two or three miles. People anxious for advertisements are working on the Gravenhurst scheme, and I think it is quite possible that in a humanitarian way we might work on a nearer project. Toronto and its adjoining districts are not unhealthy, and we as a people cannot permit anyone to stigmatize them as unhealthy, for certainly they are the best in Canada. If the charity of the town is to go to a place of refuge for consumptives, we certainly are not going to do so. We demand that the sanitarium be placed because we are personally interested. What we demand is that the thing shall be investigated, and if we cannot furnish the attraction we cannot hope to have the guests. These problems are all easy because the people are to choose, and it will be the people who suffer if they choose wrong.

A FEATURE of the Industrial Fair has been announced this year which if followed out might be made one of the most important items in connection with the gathering together of the productive interests of the country. The manufacturers on the 6th of September have been asked to gather together and hear what is to be said. It is quite possible that very little may be said of advantage to the manufacturers in their private enterprises, but much may be done by the gentlemen who come together to further their united interests by organizing them-

selves in a non-political way, successfully to take advantage of foreign opportunities. The Manufacturers' Association hitherto has been a protective affair which has frightened many Liberals from an active part in the deliberations of the society. An industrial association such as our annual Fair purports to be should have much more discussion of opportunities and methods and a little less circus about it. In fact, however, we could have more circus and still have the discussion by men of various guilds, with regard to the advantages which can be obtained by organization. Considering the whole situation we must realize that the circus is necessary, but we must admit that there has been too little else. The one thing that must be insisted upon in such meetings in connection with the great industrial event, is that no opportunity must be offered for politics or selfish interests to dominate. The practical and initial move in this direction seems to be free from that sort of thing, and the discussion is likely to be carried on on broad principles rather than be dominated by partisan notions. It is to be hoped that the Industrial Fair will every year develop some such principle, and it is still further to be urged that politics may not creep into the now happy family.

IT matters little to the people who are benefiting by the cheap railway rates that there is a war to the death between the Grand Trunk and the C.P.R. The people are always willing to accept benefits without regard to the reasons which make them possible. A ten dollar rate to Winnipeg, via Chicago, is one of the Grand Trunk's latest moves to punish the Canadian Pacific for cutting rates elsewhere. The whole people of Canada, however, are concerned in this latest move, because a great many travelers wishing to see the country, will accept the proposition of the Grand Trunk, and they are liable to be called off at United States stations to harvest the crop, instead of going into the Canadian North-West, where labor is scarce. The Grand Trunk is doing a great many unpatriotic things which are pardonable, of course, when viewed from a railroad standpoint, but from a Canadian standpoint they are quite inexcusable. The moment the Canadian public begin to think the

Grand Trunk is working for Dakota and Minnesota, the Grand Trunk will become unpopular. Rate wars are matters of railroad consideration, but the carrying of people through the United States ostensibly to the North-West, but as a matter of fact offering the men to the highest bidder through the North-Western States, is a sin against our Confederation. It ought to be stopped, and while the low rate is an inducement to our young men to go west and seek their fortunes, or to seek employment for a short time in the harvest, it should not be utilized by a great British company to fight the British North-West with cheaply carried laborers from Canada. The Grand Trunk must be ruled by British policy or it will be objected to by those who desire that our big railroads, which have cost us so much, should not be engaged in the work of populating or harvesting the North-Western States.

WHAT I wrote about the excursion business as affecting Toronto had, I hope, more than ephemeral bearing. But organization should follow suggestion to make the possibilities of Toronto certain. The boarding and lodging-housekeepers and the hotel men who are interested, must act. The railroads are convinced that much is to be done. The Toronto and Niagara line of steamers, which has been the best advertisement and transport line for Toronto, should be encouraged. We must not forget that Niagara Falls is the greatest attraction in America, and that the line of steamers which brings the tourist from the Falls is the one to be most depended upon to recruit our army of strangers. They have shown spirit and enterprise greater than any other carrying line which touches this city. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, which has been fed by this line and by Ontario people, must certainly do better than it has done in the past, and the indications are that they are awakening to this truth. We cannot have boats running from Toronto to Kingston and Montreal which are a discredit to the lake fleet, without being damaged. Toronto understands thoroughly that in order to obtain the advantage of its situation it must have good lake boats touching here. The railways do much, but the boats in the summer time do more. Tubs must not be substituted for steamboats, and the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, if they understand their own interests, will put on palatial steamers which will be an attraction to the traveling public instead of a detriment to tourist travel. If they do not do it some other company will,



IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE: ORGANIZING COMMITTEE OF THE LATE CONFERENCE.

follows: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unsotted from the world."

This is not "getting" wisdom, or "being" wisdom, or "having" wisdom; it is simply the living of a pure, charitable life. This sort of thing cannot be "got" at a camp-meeting; it is an impulse which comes from the heart, and is large, and generous, and kindly, and means something more than ephemeral emotion. Religion is defined in this passage as no ephemeral thing; it has nothing to do with a disease which is caught like the measles; it is one's whole being. I am mortified by "Methodist," who writes so much like the editor of the *Guardian* that I must confess the two. But if the society is ashamed of its past and the writer thinks that the truths I told are "a few patches," and that I am anxious to "fling the filthy garment of a few upon the whole denunciation," he can take that attitude. If I remember rather unpleasant things about various denominations and see fit to reproduce them, that is my affair. If "Methodist" in the *Christian Guardian* sees fit to dispute them I will become historical, and that will please him less. I do not propose to be treated as an iconoclast, for I have no desire to injure anybody. Methodism knows its own past as well as I do, and the easiest way to escape from it, as Methodists apparently are trying to do, is not to discuss the matter, proud though they should be of the good they have done in an unconventional way. I have no bitterness to either conceal or exhibit. Methodism lives today its own exemplar; the church contains a vast number of good people, and a number of bad people, and is without any doubt the home and the noisy place, the mouthpiece, of a great many pretentious people for whom there is no room either in religion or secular society, and Mr. Methodist in the *Christian Guardian* may make a note of this. I will leave the general public to decide on the fairness of the issue.

DESIRE it to be born in mind that the *Christian Guardian*, and not SATURDAY NIGHT, began this argument which is thoroughly unsatisfactory. Last week I tried to do the decent thing by the editor of the *Guardian*, but he is evidently not the kind of a fellow who appreciates anything of the sort. The complimentary notice that I gave him and the *Guardian*,

way, the rights that a people have to exist and conduct their own business on the business lines which have been arranged by them, the conference will not only be a failure but it will involve the whole of Central and South America in a conflict with the United States; at the same time it will endanger the interests of Great Britain and Canada in all these countries. When the conference organizes itself at Quebec on the 23rd of this month, all the peoples of the Western World will watch the methods of the United States, and their scrutiny will be more careful and their suspicions will be more acute than ever before.

The Canadian people have opportunities of trade with South America which should not be lost in the scramble for material things which the United States are anxious to gain. The Chinese question should not be permitted to swallow all the good that is to be had for Great Britain in connection with her Canadian colony. As Canadians, we are anxious for some benefits to accrue to us in this matter. It is not impossible for us to do much that we have hitherto left undone in Latin America. The prejudices caused by the war make our opportunities tenfold greater than they ever were before. In fact, the conference will be a meeting of presumably great men who are to say upon what lines the business of the New World is to be done. The Canadian opinion should not be weak nor the assertion of it faltering. What others may think is of small importance to us, except in those instances where our yielding is material to the maintenance of an Anglo-Saxon alliance. Any alliance, however, which means degradation or loss to Canada will not be endured by the people who inhabit this country and are trying to make it great. As I have often said before, the people of this country understand better than the Foreign Office in Downing street the necessities of our people and the delimitation of Yankee privileges. The conference must open and close with a profound respect for Canadian rights; and if these rights are infringed, as I have often before stated, for the benefit of Great Britain, it will only mean the ruin of the Canadian representatives who permit it and the general belief that again this country has been injured to please United States diplomats. It has often been said that Canada is the spoiled child of diplomacy; what we must insist upon is that Canada shall not be the despised child of diplomacy.

Toronto should be careful to see that the line of steamers running from this point to Kingston and the Thousand Islands should be something more than freight boats with occasional and very indifferent passenger accommodation.

AM not awfully sure about the wisdom of a World's Fair for Toronto. Oddly enough, world's fairs have done serious injury to every city that has ever had them. Philadelphia had the worst period of reaction which has visited that city after the Centennial. Chicago, instead of making money, was awfully crippled by the effort she made to sustain a World's Fair. Paris made nothing but lost much by having a world's fair. Similar attempts in London have been injurious rather than prosperous. The advertisement for the whole country may be worth an attempt to do a great thing in Toronto, but the whole country should pay, and not Toronto. As far as the experience of anyone goes who has had to do with anything of this sort, injury, not benefit, has resulted. It does not seem pretty for anyone to discourage a large project, but those who advocate large projects should think before they write, and examine the facts before they entreat public support for that which may be greater than we can sustain. Prudence is a great deal better than sorrow, and it is better for us to be wise than later on to feel sick. As soon as some scheme is proposed whereby we can save ourselves from sorrow, it will certainly receive the support of SATURDAY NIGHT.

THREE never was a time when real estate operators could make more money by investing in Toronto than at present. I am told of a popular corner for which I personally know seven hundred and fifty dollars a foot was offered, which is now for sale for five hundred. Conditions, of course, have changed, but they have changed for the better, and investors should not be afraid of a changed condition which ensures them a greater profit than was ever offered under the old terms. Unfortunately we are in a position that no one desires to touch real estate, yet those who take it now in the central parts of the city, towards which the tide is flowing, will be fortunate. The man is foolish who invests at a point where the wind and wave and tidal influences are combining to give him the worst of it, but he is very fortunate who risks a little in the centers towards which everything is going. The empty houses are filling up, but some of the empty stores will never be filled, for conditions have changed. This does not prove, however, that there are no good places to buy in Toronto. Never before were better opportunities offered, and those who are wise and have money are sometimes investing in the new centers. Because there are vacant houses and places where houses should never have been built, proves nothing; that there are vacant stores where stores never should have been established, proves nothing. Toronto is growing and will grow, and investments in real estate can be made at an enormous profit just now by those who have the money to take advantage of the opportunities which are offered by men who have refused great sums, but who are unable to carry their property any longer.

DEVELOPMENTS have shown that Hon. William Mulock, Postmaster-General of Canada, has been the prime mover in intercolonial penny postage. Is abuse to go on because of his connection with a financial society which failed, which is only one of many societies which would fail if the same examinations were to be made? Surely no man in Canada will ever attempt great things again if the reform of the postal service, improved international features, and the establishment of parcel post with other countries, are to be the signals of malignant criticism. If we are to be a significant section of the British Empire we must support our own men and claim, with due deference to others, what is due to ourselves. Mr. Mulock has been our champion in this matter and we must support him whether we believe in his policies or not. There are only two things that are great in the world, and those are foreign diplomacy and British diplomacy. If we have the man who succeeds in British diplomacy and great intercolonial things which we hope to make a part of foreign diplomacy, Canada as a country cannot afford to throw bricks when one of our most distinguished people is making a most distinguished success.

THE world seems to be shaping itself for a great Anglo-Saxon victory. Those of us who stay at home know little of the elements which go to make a naval and military triumph. Yet it is important to note that the men who are intelligent, who have had freedom and who have learned to prize it, are worth each one of them a hundred of those who are simply the machines of an absolute power. We were told years ago that sometimes muskets did some thinking when the emperor forgot to think for others than himself. The men who have been taught to think and the men who have done no thinking at all have met with intelligence as the victor, and the sooner that this is demonstrated the sooner the freedom of the world will be an accomplished fact. The men in war, as in peace, will do as they have been taught. If they think and have been taught to think properly, they will win the battle, and England, if it maintains its alliance with the United States, can whip all the nations that have grouped themselves together as unthinking people who can be led by an idea, who are worked as a machine, but who in a fight lack the essential force of an independent personality. The world has not yet learned the difference between the people who are forced and the people who fight. The people who will and can fight cannot be forced. The people who are forced and who simply go up to the cannon's mouth with the dumb ignorance of a beast, have too little intelligence to win a battle. The difference between these people and those who think and use every moment of their time for the advantage of their cause, will certainly be again demonstrated, and then the Anglo-Saxon people will have won a victory of which they can be proud. Thought rules the world, particularly when it is behind the guns which are the invention of great thinkers.

NOW that the war is over may we venture to look into illustrated newspapers without seeing pictures of gun-boats, and read without expecting to find a gory description of a bloody battle? For my part I am thoroughly sick of these war pictures and the terrible details of nothing. When we have battles we expect blood and horror, flames and shrieks, but so far those who have suffered have been voiceless, and those who have been victorious have scarcely lost a man. This is entirely in opposition to our ideas of the horrors that were to be expected. For a change let us have comic pictures, jokes, anything that will raise our spirits from the sea-level of naval engagements and frightful battles in which nobody was killed. The Anglo-American press has fairly been reeking with pictures and descriptions of the man who first put his foot on Cuban soil, and the mule who was killed and had six warships discovered inside of him at the post-mortem. We have had enough. Give us pictures and word pictures; old women with wigs on their necks; old men who are blind in both eyes; the newsboy who sold the most papers; the girl who took a fifteen-cent prize in her class—give us anything but warships and war pictures.

THE debate in the local Parliament this week has not added anything to the oratorical status of the Legislature, nor has it seriously weakened the case of Premier Hardy. If it were not necessary to make laws or to change them we would need no legislature, and a great deal of fuss has been made over what really has very few feathers on it. If in the end Hon. Mr. Hardy's proposition is condemned by the people we will bear the condemnation without any great sorrow, but the talk will have to be to the people at election time, and not now. It is well to rub the thing in, perhaps, if the Opposition believes that it has a strong card, but care should be taken that the rubbing in process is not done to excess, or what they try to rub in may be rubbed out.

LORD HERSCHELL said an exceedingly appropriate thing when interviewed with regard to his opinion of the North-West. In reply to the question, "What inducements should our Government offer to these young farmers?"—meaning the farmers who are settling or should settle our great wheat plains—he said:

"That is a difficult question to answer. I do not think paying their passage to your land would be any inducement. Educating the masses at home to the advantages of your rich wheat lands would be better and I am sure that when they know at

home what such valuable inducements mean they will soon be enjoying farming in western Canada. We have sent out a large number in the past few years, and their reports should bring good results."

It is in line with the article I referred to last week that Canada should provide some sort of an editorial bureau in Great Britain which could be relied upon to give ample information as to facts, and might be expected to correct the fallacies which are often printed by the newspapers of the Old Country. Paying passages for people who cannot pay their own way is a poor method of getting self-supporting citizens into Canada. To pay some money for distributing correct information through British newspapers would be more in the direction of getting thoughtful and careful people, with some slight means at least, to settle in our wheat fields.

A Loyal Comrade.

At five o'clock on the evening of August 4, two young men from Toronto were away up on Lake Saganaga, in the Rainy River District. They were young mining engineers, William Lawson and George Reed Coates, on a prospecting trip, accompanied by an Indian guide. They were examining a point of land and Coates went along the shore in a canoe, while Lawson went overland to have a look at some rocky hills, and they met at a little bay. As young Coates stepped from the canoe he reached down and caught the gun by the barrels. As he drew it out the triggers caught, snapped, and two charges entered his right arm near the shoulder, breaking it. The young men were many miles from any habitation. To reach the borders of civilization required a journey of twenty-five miles by lake and river—and the river had a fierce current to battle with every inch of the way. Neither Lawson nor the Indian could go alone for assistance, nor could they both go and leave poor Coates alone, so Lawson bound up the wound to stop the flow of blood, placed young Coates in the canoe, and with the Indian began a furious race of twenty-five miles up-stream. "I can do nothing for you, George, but paddle," said Lawson to his friend. "That is all—you can do nothing but paddle." And Lawson paddled with grim fury. He carried Coates over two portages, and were approaching a third, the wounded man in the canoe and Lawson toting it from the shore, when Coates became delirious from pain and loss of blood, and threw himself about so violently as to loosen the bandages on his shoulder. Soon after being joined by his friend he recovered consciousness and asked to be taken ashore. He died before midnight, and Lawson sat all through the moonlit night by the body of his comrade. In the morning he cut up the tent into strips and bound the body around and around with these, tied it to a pole, and, with the Indian, carried it over five long portages. Late in the afternoon they reached the track of the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railway, a lumber line, on which there is but one train a week. Presently they came upon some French-Canadians working on the railway, but these would give no assistance. Later they found some Irishmen at work, and the foreman was at once very sympathetic. He walked six miles up the track and secured a small hand car. On this the body of Coates was laid, on the other side of the platform Lawson lay down and put his arms around his dead friend to hold him on the narrow car, and four of the Irishmen worked it a distance of eighty-six miles that night to Port Arthur. Here Lawson secured the services of an undertaker, had Coates properly confined, and brought him to Toronto. The whole journey consumed nearly four days, and imposed incessant mental and physical strain.

George Reed Coates was a young man of great promise; had attended the School of Practical Science in Toronto, and the Kingston School of Mining. His father was on the Atlantic going to London at the time of the accident, and the rest of his family was at Castlederry, County Tyrone. A youthful papa and mamma are Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland V. Hall, to whom a little son was given on Wednesday. Their friends are merrily sending congratulations.

The Annual Regatta of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association takes place at Long Pond, Center Island, this afternoon at half-past two o'clock. The blue tickets embellished with the funny little maid in the dug-out are in everybody's pocket and a big crowd is assured.

The gentlemen at Mrs. Meade's, Center Island, gave a very jolly dance to the ladies *en pension* there on last Thursday evening. This gallant attention was shared by many friends of both the hosts and the fair *beneficiaries*.

Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge return to town from Center Island next week. They are in treaty for a very lovely home in Bloor street west. Everyone will welcome them this winter.

Major Shaw presided at the very large smoking concert given last week in the Toronto Athletic Club and presented the rewards to the successful ones who had come from near and far to the Regatta. There was much cheering, and many visitors had their first experience of a Canadian smoker. Equal enthusiasm was shown at the singing of *The Maple Leaf Forever*, and *The Star Spangled Banner*, and there was a blending of good international feeling. I hear many of the visitors expressed surprise and admiration at the size and excellence of the Toronto Athletic Club.

Mr. Branchaud, who has been in the office of the Bank of Montreal for quite a time, has been moved to the Montreal branch.

The group picture of the Organizing Committee of the recent Postal Conference, appearing on our front page, is reproduced from the *Illustrated London News*. That paper says: "The Organizing Committee of the recent Conference which has brought about Imperial Penny Postage can claim a distinguished membership. From abroad the representatives were the Canadian High Commissioner, the Canadian Postmaster-General, the Cape Agent-General, the Natal Agent-General, the Premier of Newfoundland, and a delegate from the Crown Colonies. The Home authorities were represented by the Postmaster-General, the Secretary and Assistant-Secretary, G.P.O. It is interesting to note that the last-named official, Mr. H. Buxton Forman, is eminent in letters as a student of Shelley and Keats, while Mr. A. B. Walkley, who acted as secretary to the Conference, is the distinguished dramatic critic." It may be added that Mr. H. Buxton Forman was for a time last season a guest of Dr. R. M. Buckle of London, Ont., an old friend.

At Napanee on Wednesday Mr. E. Gus Porter, counsel for Mr. W. H. Ponton, in making his argument before Magistrate Daly, read extracts from Thirty Years a Detective, by Allan Pinkerton, the book from which SATURDAY NIGHT made several quotations a couple of weeks ago. Mr. B. B. Osler objected that the book was not admissible, and the Magistrate declared that he did not think the contents of the book relevant to the case. It may be remarked, however, that Pinkerton, in describing the methods of bank burglars, shows that such robberies are committed without the assistance of bank clerks at all, and that the expert is superior to the need of inside assistance. Magistrate Daly said that he did not think that it "would be right to introduce an editorial of the *Globe*, or of THE SATURDAY NIGHT, or quotations from the book in question." Surely it would be right enough that in trying such a case the court should be fully informed as to the habits and methods of bank robbers, and fully posted in the history and details of parallel cases.

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their servants at home, made them irresistibly funny. Mrs. James Carruthers and her guest, Miss Gertrude Hofford, returned to Toronto on Monday.

Saturday evening, Aug. 13, was a gala night at Prospect House, Port Sandfield. At the special invitation of the guests, Mr. Collie Ross came and organized an Anglo-Saxon cake walk. It was a huge success, the costumes and antics of the different couples creating much amusement. During the evening a great surprise was given to Mr. Charles E. Musgrave, the popular young manager and pianist, when Mrs. McIntyre, on behalf of the guests, presented him with a well-filled purse. Mr. Walter Read of Toronto made an excellent chairman, and also sang in excellent style. Miss Caulfield of Toronto sang beautifully. The guests were very sorry at Mr. Collie Ross's early departure, as his fun and enterprise made him the idol of Sandfield. He was given a great send-off and presented by the ladies with a beautiful bouquet and illuminated address. Those who took part in the cake-walk were: Mr. Marley Ainsley, Toronto; Miss Pearson, New Orleans; Mr. Collie Ross, Miss Julia Lee, St. Louis; Mr. Alf Rogers, Hamilton; Miss Phillips, Toronto; Mr. Allan Titus, Buffalo; Miss Josephine Lee, St. Louis; Mr. Burton Holland, Toronto; Miss Bond, Toronto; Mr. H. Armstrong and Miss May, Toronto; Mr. Cassels, Toronto; Miss Knau, Cincinnati; Mr. E. Strickland, Buffalo; Miss Gertrude Hofford, Pittsburgh. The first prize and medals were won by Mr. Mark Ainsley and Miss Pearson, and the second by Mr. Collie Ross and Miss Julia Lee. Mrs. Lee of St. Louis donated the cake and entertained the ladies and gentlemen who had taken part in the walk.

Miss Pauline Reubrigg of Brantford is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Fuge, 10 Orde street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bengough of Huntley street and Miss Siddall of Rosedale are at present enjoying the delightful breezes of Bay View, Mich.

Misses Ella and Lola Ronan and Miss Laura Wilkinson have returned from a two weeks' trip to Muskoka.

Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, secretary-treasurer of the School Board, has returned to Grimsby Park after spending a week among the Thousand Islands and Montreal.

Mr. George H. Wilson of the Bank of Montreal has been unwell for the past two weeks, and is away on sick leave.

Mr. Reg. Adam of Akron, Ohio, son of G. Mercer Adam, a former Torontonian, is spending his holidays here.

The marriage of Mr. Thomas Hamilton Verner of Toronto and Miss Anna Bell Bay, youngest daughter of the late J. W. Bay of Baltimore, Maryland, was solemnized at Bay Ridge Farm, Perryman, Md., last week, Rev. R. Howard Taylor being the officiating minister. Mr. Verner is an Irishman, the eldest son of the rector of Castlederry, County Tyrone.

A youthful papa and mamma are Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland V. Hall, to whom a little son was given on Wednesday. Their friends are merrily sending congratulations.

The Annual Regatta of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association takes place at Long Pond, Center Island, this afternoon at half-past two o'clock. The blue tickets embellished with the funny little maid in the dug-out are in everybody's pocket and a big crowd is assured.

The gentlemen at Mrs. Meade's, Center Island, gave a very jolly dance to the ladies *en pension* there on last Thursday evening. This gallant attention was shared by many friends of both the hosts and the fair *beneficiaries*.

Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge return to town from Center Island next week. They are in treaty for a very lovely home in Bloor street west. Everyone will welcome them this winter.

Major Shaw presided at the very large smoking concert given last week in the Toronto Athletic Club and presented the rewards to the successful ones who had come from near and far to the Regatta. There was much cheering, and many visitors had their first experience of a Canadian smoker. Equal enthusiasm was shown at the singing of *The Maple Leaf Forever*, and *The Star Spangled Banner*, and there was a blending of good international feeling. I hear many of the visitors expressed surprise and admiration at the size and excellence of the Toronto Athletic Club.

Mr. Branchaud, who has been in the office of the Bank of Montreal for quite a time, has been moved to the Montreal branch.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Social and Personal.

A bright friend, who is spending the summer at the Ottawa House, Cushing's Island, on the coast of Maine, thus gossips in pleasant fashion to SATURDAY NIGHT:—"This island is as charming as ever. The fogs of July have made the verdure beautiful, and the sweet briar roses, golden rod, fragrant ferns, laurels and variegated wild flowers make a stroll among the pine woods a daily delight. The young ladies and their beaux seem to find the leafy coverings on the edge of the rocks most interesting resorts in the sunny afternoons, when everything is bathed in light and the sea is twinkling in sparkling beauty. The tennis lawns, under the shadows of the pre-revolutionary willows, are bright with the gay attire of the players, and the myriad colored parasols of the onlooking fairies render the grounds like a *parterre* of huge flowers. Golf has invaded the Island, and the talk is of clubs and tees, of holes and strokes. Yachting parties are daily formed for excursions among the three hundred and sixty-five islands of the bay, while enthusiasts of inexperience adventure on deep-sea fishing expeditions on the heaving billows, which not infrequently heave rather too much for their happiness. The beach resounds with the laughter and screams of bathers in garbs of varied designs, which render the individuality of the wearers a puzzle to their relations. Germans, cotillions, progressive euchres, domino parties and little dances bring the day to a close, and it is only on the approach of the hour when the electric lights go out that the company goes trooping upstairs to early bed. Judging from the frantic efforts of the belated beauties, with sleep still on their eyes, to reach the dining-room in the morning, where "Coleman" in a threatening manner is looking at his watch to ascertain if it is yet nine o'clock, they must sleep the sleep of the just. A dinner and a dance was given the other night by Mr. and Mrs. Stevens of New York to the officers of the monitor *Monadnock*, now in the harbor, and among the invited the young ladies of Toronto were not overlooked. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were on the occasion gracefully intertwined. Among the guests at the hotel are: Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Davidson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Kay and family, Mr. and Mrs. Burn and family, of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Gault, Mr. and Mrs. Simms and family, of Montreal. Mr. Playter, Toronto, is again on the scene. He no longer, as in former years, retires to the woods to read solid literature, but goes willy-nilly into all amusements, and it looks as if a United States heiress was soon to be added to Toronto society. Many pleasant people are among the guests, not the least being Mr. Dudley Bucke, the well known composer, and his family."

Mr. George Verry of Baldwin street, who has been traveling through England during the last four months, returns to Toronto the 1st of September.

Mr. Henry Bourlier, who has not been in his usual health, is on the Atlantic sea coast for change and rest.

On Saturday, August 13, at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. T. L. Barclay, registrar of the courts, Whitby, Miss Helena Josephine Barclay, a distinguished-looking and clever lady, much esteemed by many Toronto friends, was married to Mr. Frederick P. Mackintosh, brother of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W.T. Rev. J. S. Broughall, B.A., All Saints' church, Whitby, was the officiating clergyman. Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh will, upon their return from their honeymoon, take up their residence in Toronto, and will be welcomed heartily to social circles, where both are already well known.

Mr. J. B. Fuller, manager of the Whitehead & Hoag Co., is holidaying amongst the Thousand Islands.

Miss Jessie and Miss M. Gilmore are spending August at Stony Lake, Peterborough.

Miss Mildred Wilson has returned from Glen Rowan, Jackson's Point, where she has been enjoying a pleasant holiday as the guest of her cousin, Mrs. W. J. Wilson, of 150 College street.

Mr. W. B. Short is spending his vacation at Stone Leath Island, Stony Lake.

Miss McRoberts and Miss Magrath of Pittsburgh, Pa., who have been visiting Mrs. W. McKee, Jr., of Dunn avenue, returned home this week.

Mr. J. G. Merrick, B.A., is enjoying the summer in England. At last accounts he was seeing the corners of renowned Oxford, and paying particular attention to the state of boating matters there. Mr. Merrick is very enthusiastic over the prospects of rowing in the Canadian colleges.

Windsor was *en fete* last Thursday evening, when a grand fancy dress ball was marvelously well put on train and carried to a most successful conclusion. The varied costumes, the enthusiastic attendance, which included many guests from neighboring Islets and cottagers at Windsor, and the excellent music of the Italian orchestra from Toronto, combined to ensure a very great success. A few of the costumes and their wearers are enumerated, but many others were seen and admired also: Miss Helen Wadsworth, Dolly Varden; Miss Crease, Lady Slavey; Miss Emily Sprague, flower girl; Miss Gyp Armstrong, a summer girl; Miss Ridout, Winter; Miss Ruth Fuller, a golfer; Miss Cowley, Simon, a pine tree; Miss Ethel Briggs, lady of 1887; Miss Beatrice Sprague, Britannia; Miss Katie Cross, nurse of the Red Cross; Miss Turner, Hamilton, lady of 1887; Miss Lucy Turner, Hamilton, a Swiss peasant; Miss Plummer, Japanese lady; Miss Lipscombe, Gelsha; Miss Alice Baines, Red Riding Hood; Miss Fallance, Hamilton, a Scotch lassie; Miss Balfour, Hamilton, a gypsy; Miss Nichol, Summer; Miss Mary

Phillips, golden god; Miss Talley, Night; Mr. Billy Smith, Highlander; Mr. Jack Meredith, clown; Mr. Boddy, a jester; Mr. Alex. Ireland, an Arab; Mr. P. Morrison, a milkmaid; Mr. Benson, a darkey; Mr. Beecher, a Chinaman; Mr. Guy Ireland, a society lady; Mr. Carr, Little Willie of the Yacht; Mr. Tadley, Niagara, and Mr. Buffum of Virginia, rustics; Mr. Rochester Rogers, ghost; Mr. Courtney Kingston, yachtsman; Mr. Crease, a golfer; Mr. Lash, a sportsman; and many others.

Mr. E. R. Thomas of St. Joseph street has returned from spending a few days with his family, who are summering at Penetanguishene.

Miss Belle Montgomery and Miss Thom of Rosedale have returned from Mrs. McMaster's summer home in the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Will Daniel and her little son have returned to town from Lorne Park, where they have spent the last two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Mason and son have gone back of Ottawa, to Lake St. Minver, one of the lovely small lakes in the Laurentian Mountains, where Mrs. Mason's father, the late Mr. W. J. Tilley of Ottawa, for successive summers took his family. All that region is the Muskoka of the Ottawas.

Toronto people have felt an unusual interest in the International yacht race down east this week, as a Toronto man was so closely identified with the victorious yacht. The Dominion has had the glory of retaining the magnificent trophy in Canada which the yachtsmen from across the line so ardently desired to secure. "A slow people," says a United States journalist, in summing up our faults and merits. On land we may be a trifle disposed to linger, but on water even our neighbors must allow we are not slow.

Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, private secretary to Sir Richard Cartwright, returned to Ottawa on Tuesday after an absence of two months. Mr. O'Hara was ill at his home in Chatham, Ont.

On Tuesday evening the Misses Mae and Grace Fisher entertained a few friends at a wheeling party. After doing Rosedale and a number of the picturesque portions of the city and suburbs, the party returned to 15 Windsor street, where, after a carpet dance, refreshments were served. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. McMillen, the Misses Mae and Grace Fisher, Miss Sadie Fisher, the Misses Higginbotham, and Messrs. McBain, Ward, and others.

Mrs. Alfred Denison and Master Eddie Monck of Chatham returned on Tuesday evening from a visit to Fort Porter, Buffalo. They were the guests of Mrs. Alfred T. Smith, wife of the colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry, U.S.A.

Mrs. Kathleen Blake Watkins returned from Cuba last week on the transport St. Louis.

Many Toronto friends were shocked to hear of the very sudden death of Mrs. Heron of Ottawa, a daughter of the late Gordon Brown of Toronto.

A very successful concert, followed by a dance, was held at Chautauqua Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Friday evening of last week. The musical portion of the evening was very much enjoyed, and at the dance afterwards pretty little Miss Ruth Sherwood was unanimously voted the belle of the evening.

Mr. J. R. Walker has left the city to spend a short time among the Thousand Islands in camp with Mr. T. A. Snider and party, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mayor Andrews of Winnipeg was in the city this week on his way to London, England, and was photographed at the Rex Studio.

Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale and the two little ones arrived home this week from Muskoka, where they spent a very pleasant holiday.

Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell of Ottawa passed through Toronto this week on his way to Wiarton for a short visit with relatives.

Dr. Carveth and Mrs. Carveth left on Wednesday for a holiday by the sea at Oak Orchard.

Miss Gibson of Maitland street has returned home after month's visit in Rochester, N.Y., and Canesus Lake, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Lees of Hamilton have returned from Montreal, Quebec and Boston.

The musicale given at Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Friday evening of last week, under the able direction of the popular entertainer, Mr. Harry Bennett, was in every respect a decided success.

An excellent programme was rendered by the following well known artists of Toronto: Mrs. J. (Major) Thompson, Miss Kate Beatty, A.T.C.M., Messrs. John E. Turton, George Smedley, Harold Crane, Harry Bennett and Prof. R. G. Staples. Dancing was indulged in until a late hour to the sweet strains of an orchestra. The guests and visitors expressed themselves delighted with the excellence of the entertainment.

The *Artist*, London, in its July issue, which is a Burne-Jones memorial number, thus amazingly describes a Toronto artist: "Mr. Bruenach is a French-Canadian, for he was born in St. Malo, Brittany." This is something of a geographical mix-up, and equal to the enterprise of a Spanish editor who informs his readers that the only means of transportation of the forces of the United States to the South is over a very rickety bridge across Niagara Falls near Labrador. Though this might be expected from an editorial Spaniard, the mistake of the *Artist* is less excusable. It may be, however, that the writer opines that birth in France and

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subsequent residence in Canada justify the term "French-Canadian." Mr. Bruenach's two beautiful pictures, A Norway Fjord and A Lapp from Alton Fjord, had the distinction of a reproduction in the aforesaid memorial number of the *Artist*, with some very complimentary remarks upon Mr. Bruenach's work.

Mr. J. R. Walker has left the city to spend a short time among the Thousand Islands in camp with Mr. T. A. Snider and party, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. and Miss Bruenach have been up at Elora for their vacation, and Mr. Bruenach has captured many beautiful bits of scenery in that picturesque locality.

Society at the Capital.

It is rumored here that Lord Ava, eldest son of the Marquis of Dufferin, is to come out to Canada as A. D. C. to Lord Minto, our new Governor General. It is to be hoped this will be realized, as Lord Ava is universally popular in Ottawa society. He spent part of last winter at Rideau Hall, and he was the gayest of the gay at every function from an impromptu skating party to a state reception.

The Misses Du Moulin of Hamilton, daughters of His Lordship the Bishop of Niagara, are in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elder Blay, Richmond road.

Miss Florence Taylor, who has been spending her holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, left last week to resume her work at one of the leading New York hospitals.

Sir Henri Joly and Mr. Scott, who have held the Government fort here, were reinforced last week by the arrival of Dr. Borden and Mr. Patterson.

Mrs. Carr Harris of Kingston is in town on visit to her people.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Monck of Lisgar street, who have been summering at Borden, returned home last week.

Mr. L. K. Jones left on Monday for Fenwick, where he will visit Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. Palmer.

Rev. Canon Pollard, rector of St. John's church, and Mrs. Pollard, who have been spending the summer at Cacouna, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. Graham and Mr. Cunningham of the Guards left on Monday for Toronto, where they will take a three weeks' course at Stanley Barracks.

Mrs. Cotton of Vancouver, B.C., is in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith, Daly street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Skead and their children sailed on the Parisian Friday evening. They will spend the next six weeks abroad.

Col. Sherburne, Commissioner of Dominion Police, Mrs. Sherburne, and their family, are spending the month at the

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Soup Squares, made by E. Lazenby & Son, of England, can be carried in the vest pocket, but each one makes a pint and a half of strong, nutritious soup, and quickly, too. Best grocers sell them.

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THE PROFESSOR'S MUMMY.

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab."

GOSSIP consists commonly of lies; yet occasionally by acute observers grains of truth may be discerned in the untrustworthy mass. As a specimen of how iron of fact intermingles with clay of falsehood, may be instanced the rumors relative to Professor Carberry, his wife, and young Mr. Vale. It was said—and with good reason—that Carberry coveted Vale's celebrated mummy of the XX. Dynasty, while Vale envied the Professor's wife.

The Camford cynics suggested an exchange as conducive to the happiness of all parties. A sale, and the Professor would gain possession of the desired mummy; a divorce, and Mrs. Carberry would be free to become Mrs. Vale. But to the proposed course there was one objection: Vale was a poor man, and could better support a dried-up corpse, which had no needs, than extravagant Mrs. Carberry, who was said to have many. Into the ostensible truth of this latter assertion creeps falsehood.

Despite outward evidence to the contrary, Lucy Carberry was not extravagant.

She had no chance of being so; for her husband kept the purse, and was niggardly in doling out its contents. He allowed a meagre sum for household expenses, a still smaller amount for clothes befitting the wife of a Camford University Professor, and not a single penny for pleasure or relaxation. Out of means barely sufficient for necessities, Mrs. Carberry was supposed to provide the miracle of a lavish table, and achieve the impossible of a fashionable appearance. If the meals were not dainty and plentiful, if the wife was not dressed with taste and refinement, Carberry made it his business to be disagreeable, and became so to the point of ill-treatment. It was a life of blows in private, smiles in public; and poor pretty Lucy had a wholesome dread of her domineering tyrant.

Why, when, or where she married him no one knew. One day the newly-wedded pair unexpectedly took up their abode in Camford—of which scholastic town Carberry was an old resident, and a professor of Michael's College—and so great was the contrast of her fair loveliness and his dour blackness that they speedily became known as Beauty and the Beast. Carberry himself was a wizened little man with a large head and a lined yellow face, suggestive of evil instincts kept under by force of will. He had malicious black eyes, a wisp of black mustache struggling over thin lips, and a lean, small-waited figure, straight and nervously alert. His smile and speech were cynical, his dress scrupulously neat, and in every way he was the antithesis of his pretty, soft girl-bride.

She, poor soul, was one of those delicate, timid women who require attention and kindness to bring out their good qualities. Lucy was a flower which bloomed best in sunshine; a tender blossom susceptible to the least chill in the atmosphere. Pink and white in complexion, blue-eyed and golden-haired, she was emotional and charming; at once angel and martyr. Carberry, grim realist as he was, did not understand her in the least. He termed her a sentimental fool, and crushed her innocent aspirations with sneering cynicism, so that within a few months of her marriage Lucy lost her angelic wings, and became a domestic martyr, whose daily life was one of torture and silent endurance. She had not even a child to comfort her bruised heart, and the Carberry household represented a sort of domestic hell, wherein the wife was the damned, the husband the devil. And alas, alas! God was deaf to the prayers of this tortured woman.

The Professor and his victim—a more appropriate name than wife—kept silent as to their meeting, and wooing, and subsequent marriage. Only John Vale knew the truth, and he gained his knowledge first hand.

"I was sold," explained Mrs. Carberry to him. "Sold by my mother like any slave in the East, and into a worse bondage. We lived at Bournemouth, mother and I. Father had been dead three years, and we supported ourselves by keeping a boarding house. Mr. Carberry came to stay there one summer and took a fancy to me. I can't say that it was love," interpolated Mrs. Carberry, "for my husband does not know what that word means. I hated him from the first and refused his offer, but mother was talked over by him, and she forced me into the marriage. I was sold as a slave to this learned Pasha, and a slave he makes of me. Oh, I wish I were dead, I do! I do!" And the wretched little woman concluded the miserable story with a burst of tears.

It can be seen from this outburst that the unhappy wife Vale was more than an acquaintance. He was a friend, and if the truth must be stated, his friendship showed signs of developing into yet closer relationship. Vale had no idea to what lengths this intimacy might go, but without intending anything definite, he had permitted himself—in the most innocent manner, be it said—to drift into a somewhat anomalous position. Friendship between a young man and a pretty woman is the most dangerous of all relationships, and Vale was aware that Mrs. Carberry claimed more of his time and thoughts than was consistent with the attitude—morally and socially—he ought to preserve towards her. Moreover, the miserable life she led with an exacting and tyrannous husband aroused his pity, and that passion, according to Shakespeare, is akin to love. One false step and the result might be dangerous.

John Vale was the son of an enthusiastic Egyptologist who had squandered a large fortune upon an archaeological collection. He had educated his son to succeed to his treasures and labors, but to his disgust John evinced distaste for

mummies, coins, tombs, papyri and such like. Also he cherished literary ambitions, and wished to make his mark as a novelist. Vale senior censured, urged, implored, commanded Vale junior to have done with such trifling; but the son was as obstinate as the father, and the breach widened between them. Finally John took up journalism in London, and Mr. Vale remained at Camford sulking amid his antiquities. In due time the Egyptologist died, and the journalists returned to learn that beyond the house and a mummy of the XX. Dynasty he was heir to nothing. Vale had left his collection to the Camford Museum, and John found himself a pauper. He had been cut off with a mummy instead of the proverbial shilling, "in the hope," said the will, "that the sight of this marvelously embalmed Princess of the XX. Dynasty may induce my son John to devote his attention to the civilization of Ancient Egypt." Needless to say, John declined to violate his taste by adopting this posthumous advice. However, he retained possession of his ironical legacy.

Professor Carberry, who long had coveted this special mummy, desired to purchase it, but to his surprise John refused the most advantageous offers. He was quite determined, he said, to live in the house and earn his livelihood by literary work; also to keep the famous mummy which, in itself, represented the fortune he should have inherited. Being a reserved young man he refused further information, and Carberry marveled at what seemed to him to be the ridiculous assertion.

"Bless me, Vale!" said he with acerbity, "why should you adopt this dog-in-the-manger attitude? You don't care for the mummy and I do; you require money and I offer it to you. Why not then consult your own interests and sell?"

"No, Professor, I shall keep the mummy to remind me that my father squandered twenty thousand pounds on such-like rubbish."

"Don't disparage those whose tastes differ from your own," retorted Carberry with some dryness: "in my eyes your mummy is worth two hundred pounds. Come, I'll let you have that sum for it."

"No! I have made up my mind not to sell!"

"Obstinate man! I'll increase my offer to guineas. It's worth consideration!"

"I dare say; and worth more than the mummy," said John. "However, I can only thank you and decline your proposal."

Carberry was vexed and showed it by frowning. Then he smiled and held out his hand. "Well, Vale, if you won't sell me," said he, "but if you should change your mind, let me know. My offer will remain open. An I Vale," added the Professor, with a backward glance for an introduction, and shortly found himself walking and talking with Mrs. Carberry. The Professor was not present, otherwise he would have resented the long conversation which took place between the pair. Both Vale and Lucy were mutually attracted to one another; and after a few moments they were chattering confidentially together—as though they were friends of years' standing.

"I don't know why I tell you these things," said Lucy, stopping in the middle of a description of her taste in books. "I am sure they do not interest you."

"But indeed they do, Mrs. Carberry. I am enjoying our conversation more than I dare tell you."

"Ah, that is because you are what the Italians call 'simpatico.'"

"It is the first time such a term has been applied to me," laughed John. "I am not what you term a ladies' man. The Professor is, I understand."

"Is he? That is news to me."

She said this so bitterly that Vale was surprised, and glanced sideways at her charming face. The rosy color induced by the pleasant conversation had died out, the soft eyes had hardened, and the mobile lips were firmly set in a thin line of scarlet. When Carberry was mentioned Lucy could govern her speech by limiting it to a few cold and careless words; but the expression of her face was beyond her control, and the opinion she entertained of her husband could be read therein without difficulty. John saw dread and hate in every line of the pretty countenance; and also he deduced fear from the nervous and hurried way in which her eyes traveled around the sunlit lawn. He concluded from such evidence that Mrs. Carberry both feared and hated her husband. And in this conclusion he was absolutely right.

With considerable tact he turned the conversation into another channel, and soon he was confirmed in his opinion of her matrimonial feelings by seeing the face relax and the eyes soften. When Carberry came to take his wife away—which he did in a particularly gracious and smiling manner—Vale noted the Medusa-like transformation once more. When speaking to him Lucy's face had been full of change and color and charm; when leaving with her husband it was a mask of stone, hard and colorless. Only the expression of the eyes betrayed how terrified was the soul hidden in that slender body. These things afforded Vale food for much reflection on his way home.

I knew that Carberry was a brute," he mused, taking the most extreme view of the Professor's character. "He tyrannizes over that poor little woman. She looked like a dove caught in a snare when her

husband appeared. It is a case of joy abroad and grief at home I suspect; but a few enquiries will soon enlighten me on that point."

In this supposition he was wrong, for his few enquiries did nothing of the sort. To all the gossips of Camford he applied artfully for information, and from all the gossips—the best authority—he heard the same story. Professor Carberry was an amiable genius married to a brainless doll. He was the most delightful companion in the world, but he required a clever woman to understand and appreciate him; and Mrs. Carberry—by unanimous opinion—was not a clever woman. She was pretty, in a washed-out way, she had a few social tricks like a well-bred poodle, and a feeble stream of parrot-like chatter. But brains! Where was Mr. Vale's talent for character-reading to look for brains in the Dresden Egyptian? On the whole the verdict of Camford womanhood was dead against Lucy.

John, in his own mind, declined to accept this verdict as final. He saw that the Camford ladies grudged Lucy her acquisition of an eligible bachelor, and in revenge were determined to deny her possession of all feminine graces likely to account for the marriage. To learn the other side of the question Vale determined to use the invitation he had received from the Professor, and in pursuance of this idea he called forthwith on Mrs. Carberry.

Again the mutual attraction declared itself between the pair, and they spent a most delightful hour together, notwithstanding the inconvenient presence of Carberry himself. In response to an appealing glance from Lucy—she did not dare to put her wish into words—John again repeated his visit. Ultimately, as controlled by some irresistible fate, the young man fell into the habit of passing the greater part of his spare time in the company of Mrs. Carberry. Busybodies noted the fact, and informed the Professor, who merely shrugged his shoulders, and said that his wife liked to be amused. Nevertheless he thought sufficient of the hint to keep a close watch on the progress of this new acquaintanceship. It was at this point that Camford cynics suggested exchange of wife for mummy.

Ignorant of gossip and espionage the lovers—as they tacitly were—drifted into a knowledge that they could not live without one another. For a considerable time Lucy shrank from revealing her domestic misery, but finally she spoke out, and the indignation with which Vale received her confession drew them still closer together.

Carberry made no attempt to end their friendship, but blinking like some sly beast of prey, he kept himself informed of all that was going on. At length the inevitable happened: a look too much, a sigh too long, and John declared his passion. Lucy listened, hesitated, and was lost.

How Carberry learned the actual truth—which at the present time was innocent enough—it is impossible to say. But learn it he did, and then cast about for some means whereby to punish the rebellion of his white slave and the presumption of her lover. The Spanish blood in his veins—his mother was from Catalonia—incited him to frenzy, and without considering that it was his own brutality which had alienated his wife, he determined upon revenge, and that of the most merciless. To accomplish this he feigned ignorance of the stolen glances and secret interviews of the pair; yet he noted the former, and knew when, where, and at what time the latter took place. Indeed, he was actually present at one in the role of eavesdropper; and in accordance with the proverb, he heard little good of himself.

John was drinking afternoon tea with Lucy, and the short November twilight was drawing to night, so that the room was almost in darkness. Mrs. Carberry was seated before the small tea-table, and Vale, cup in hand, was leaning against the mantelpiece, while the fire diffused a coppery glow upon scene and actors.

Hidden like a tiger in a jungle, Carberry crouched behind the half-closed folding door, which opened into the inner drawing-room, and drank in every word. He heard sufficient to convince him that as yet the relationship between the pair was one of ardent friendship merely; but the discovery that they were innocent of offence only added fuel to his wrath. Nor was this assayed by hearing what the two determined upon at the interview.

"I tell you what, Lucy," said John, enraged by the recital of fresh brutality, "you can't live any longer with this slave-driver. Come with me to London."

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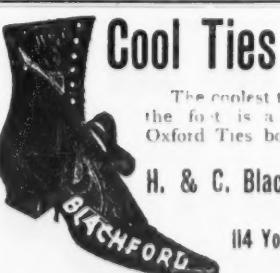
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is before me. As for you," he added brutally, "stay with your lover!" Lucy again kissed the dead man, and when Carberry, leaving the room, cast a backward glance she was again laughing. Next morning the servants found Carberry absent; in the study a corpse and a madwoman.

[THE END.]

Unable to Walk.

A Distressing Malady Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Hartland, N.B., Advertiser.

Right in our own village is reported another of the remarkable cures that make Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so popular throughout the land. The case is that of Mrs. E. W. Millar. The *Advertiser* interviewed her husband, who was glad to relate the circumstances for publication, that others might read and have a remedy put into their hands, as it were. "For five years," said Mr. Millar, "my wife was unable to walk without aid. One physician diagnosed her case as coming from a spinal affection. Other doctors called the malady nervous prostration. Whatever the trouble was, she was weak and nervous. Her limbs had no strength and could not support her body. There also was a terrible weakness in her back. Three months ago she could not walk, but as a last resort, after trying many medicines, she began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Improvement was noted in a few days, and a few weeks has done wonders in restoring her health. To-day she can walk without assistance. You can imagine her delight as well as my own. We owe her recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them for any case of nervous weakness or general debility."

Mr. Millar is part owner and manager of one of our lumber mills, and is well known throughout the county.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Social Tyrannies of To-day.

St. James's Budget.

EVERYBODY hates paying calls.

Yet "calling" is the main occupation of the large class of society that is known as "leisure," and is supposed to be free to do as it likes. It is the most oppressive of what most people recognize to be social tyrannies, but which it seems impossible to shake off. The attempts of people to be "unconventional" in various ways, which generally earn sneers where one might rather expect gratitude and co-operation, are at least evidence that the tyranny is felt. There is something quite pathetic in the thralldom of society to the conventional afternoon visit known as the "morning call." For it bears testimony to the dependence of men and women on their fellows; it is an effort towards friendship and sympathy, a struggle of fundamental instinct to realize itself through the artificiality of high civilization. But in result it is a dismal failure; those who submit do so with a wry face, and the more thoughtful in a spirit of suppressed revolt. Yet "calling" would probably be reckoned by most people among the "pleasures" of society, and theoretically it is difficult to see how it could be classified otherwise. If not a pleasure, what purpose does it serve? It cannot be argued that any section of mankind is any healthier, wealthier, wiser, or better because innumerable ladies spend their days in leaving innumerable pieces of card-board on innumerable acquaintances, or in discussing the weather with well dressed strangers in each other's drawing-rooms. But if "calling" is a pleasure it is a striking illustration of the unselfishness of men that they concede to women almost a monopoly of it. It is perhaps because it is a pleasure that women indulge in it only from the highest sense of duty—duty to themselves, to their neighbors, to their husbands and their children. Duty to themselves—for self-respect demands conformity to the dictates of good breeding, and "You can't dine with people, you know, or go to their parties, without having the civility to leave a card afterwards;" duty to their neighbors—because it is only right to make some acknowledgment of their thoughtfulness and hospitality; duty to their husbands—for how can the latter expect to get on in the world if their wives are not civil to those who may help to advancement? duty to their children—for sons will also want "interest" some day, and where will their daughters be when they "come out?" if acquaintances in society are not kept up? This is what gives coercive power to the tyranny. There is no escape.

One might have supposed that the glaring silliness to which the institution has sunk would long since have driven practical people to find a way out. The law courts refuse to give force to a "custom" unless it be a reasonable custom. Why should not society do the same? Under certain conditions, of course, the custom is reasonable enough. But we are not here concerned with the pleasant chat over the tea-cups in a country vicarage when the lady of the manor and a few friends call on the parson's wife; nor with the equally enjoyable half-hour even in Mayfair when someone you really want to see is found in her boudoir ready to discuss Anglican ritual or the last improper novel. The bona fide "call" has little in common with these. It is the call when you sigh despairingly at the sound of the front-door bell, and greet the acquaintance, who devoutly hoped you were out, with a cordial smile and "so delighted to see you!" But if no calls were paid, how, it is sometimes asked, could we see anything of our friends? *Sancta simplicitas!* Whoever pays a call with the idea of seeing their friends! The true "caller" starts in her carriage with a "Court Guide" and a



"This 'ere China business do look all wrong; but depend upon it, Jarge, pr'aps Lard Salisbury 'ave got some Hu'iformation as we aren't a got." —Punch.

sheet of note-paper full of names, and trusts to get through them all in an afternoon if Providence favors her with a high percentage of "outs." A friend found at home is a disaster.

Many ladies, perhaps most, now set apart one day in the week to be "at home." The "at home day" is a sort of inverted Sabbath—one day in seven when there shall be no rest, unconditionally surrendered to the boredom of receiving calls; the remaining six being thus left free for the slightly less burdensome pleasure of boring other people. Insincerity could scarcely go further than in the defense offered of this institution of "Thursdays in May and June," or "Tuesdays till Christmas." "It is so nice to know when you can make certain of seeing your friends!" The fact of course is, as everyone knows, that the one person you will certainly see nothing of whatever is the hostess who is "at home." Other callers may or may not be acquaintances of your own; but even if they should be, your friendly intercourse is confined to firing off a few conversational blank cartridges, or the intellectual exercise of mentally putting a price to their hats. Every caller is, of course, exquisitely attired; the "call" does at least afford the delight of a competition in costume, for all the *fin-de-siecle* shifting phases of opinion and belief have left society ladies still devotees of the gospel of the higher haberdashery, and worship at the shrine of the *chiffon* makes even a *mauvais quart d'heure* in a crowded drawing-room endurable. And think of the gratifying sense of duty performed when you have touched your hostess's fingers with a grateful acknowledgment of the great pleasure of your call, and have left your husband's card in the hall and escaped to the free air of heaven and your hired victory! A whole class of society thus toils on for ever at the social treadmill, calling, calling, calling; and with bearded resignation day after day gets through the trivial round, the common task."

Most men have very little practice in "calling," though a few are nearly as expert as women. As a rule the man, if he has any sense of his own limitations, feels instinctively that he has not the delicate fitness required in a skilled caller. The young man, unless he brings a wife or sister to give him a lead, seldom knows how to get away. He perhaps blunders into a conversation of some interest, and does not know how to break off at a comma without abruptness. And the hostess sometimes has a pretty way of conveying the idea that he provides a useful alloy in the pure gold of her lady callers, and her flattery makes a fool of him, so that he misses the psychological moment for a becoming exit. But the calling man is at best an exception. It is women alone who bear the burden and heat of the call. If some eminent statistician could tell us how many afternoon calls are paid in the course of a London season, what a revelation it would be of expended energy!

A Widely-Blown Error.

The Outlook.

A great many people have bought *The Celebrity*, by Winston Churchill, under the impression that the author is Mr. Wins on Spencer Churchill, son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. The author of *The Celebrity* is an American gentleman whose parents selected the Christian name of Winston for their son, probably on historical grounds. It will be remembered that the father of the great Duke of Marlborough was a Sir Winston Churchill, and the name has since recurred in the family. It is a strange coincidence that both the American and the English Winston Churchills should burst into print at the same time. It must also be an extremely annoying coincidence for both. Yet there is hope. The English Winston Churchill always signs his productions *Winston Spencer Churchill*, a far-seeing Providence having blessed him with a

most men have very little practice in "calling," though a few are nearly as expert as women. As a rule the man, if he has any sense of his own limitations, feels instinctively that he has not the delicate fitness required in a skilled caller. The young man, unless he brings a wife or sister to give him a lead, seldom knows how to get away. He perhaps blunders into a conversation of some interest, and does not know how to break off at a comma without abruptness. And the hostess sometimes has a pretty way of conveying the idea that he provides a useful alloy in the pure gold of her lady callers, and her flattery makes a fool of him, so that he misses the psychological moment for a becoming exit. But the calling man is at best an exception. It is women alone who bear the burden and heat of the call. If some eminent statistician could tell us how many afternoon calls are paid in the course of a London season, what a revelation it would be of expended energy!

A After the Spin A-Wheel,

the most invigorating, refreshing, and thirst-satisfying drink you can take is a glass of

Bismarckiana.

Stories, Anecdotes, Sayings and Witticisms of the Iron Chancellor.

"Liar, cowards, it comes to much the same thing."

"If I have an enemy in my power I must destroy him."

"One can die but once, and if beaten it is better to die."

"What a gentleman has agreed to do is always as good as done."

He characterized Queen Victoria as one of the wisest statesmen of the time.

"Take care of that man. He means what he says," was Disraeli's estimate of Bismarck.

Disraeli did Bismarck the honor of making him one of the characters in his *Endymion*—the Count of Ferroll. He had a holy horror of professors. "You must not take me for a Heidelberg professor," he once said to Prince Napoleon.

"He who has once gazed into the glazed eye of a dying warrior on the field of battle will think twice before beginning a war."

"All great cities," Bismarck asserted in 1848, "as being mere hothouses of anarchy and revolution, ought to be swept from the earth."

Camille Doucet once said to Napoleon III: "Count von Bismarck has a genius for conveying false impressions by telling the naked truth."

Bismarck described universal suffrage

The Leader

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The leading bakers in Canada now have the John Bull Malt Flour and formula for the bread. If your baker has not got it, or is just all out of it, send postcard to Weir Specialty Co., Limited, 99 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., Sole Agents for Canada, and you will be directed where to get it.

Send the Trade Mark band on each loaf.

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Only six weeks from the gardens of India to our breakfast tables.

double-barrelled name. Nevertheless, confusion will arise, and it may not be for several years that one of these young writers will have the right to print beneath his name on the title-page, "Avoid spurious imitations." The question is, Which?

—

Do You Tire Quickly?

Fatigue is the natural sequence of labor.

If, however, it follows moderate or slight exertion it is the sign and evidence that the nervous system has lost tone and vigor, and requires assistance. Suicidal is a resort to stimulants, since these only increase the enervation. Aid cannot be obtained in this way, but through medication, judiciously employed in restoring through the nervous system the digestive function upon which primarily health depends. The use of a preparation of medicine fails to produce a preparation which can equal degree the tonic and nutritive qualities of Maltine with Coca Wine. By the action of Maltine with Coca Wine upon the nervous system all the important functions of the body are stimulated and increased; the digestive process is performed efficiently and without discomfort, insuring the proper nourishment of the body. Coca takes the place of lassitude; vivacity dispels depression; forebodings and despondency, and soon the quickening impulse of renewed health are experienced. Maltine with Coca Wine is sold by all druggists.

Mrs. von Bloomer—My dear, those people will be here in an hour to dinner, and the cook has been at your whisky.

In that case I guess I'll join her."—Life.

Watts—What! You drinking again? I thought you told me you had won a victory over alcoholism. Lushforth—Sp-hic-anish victory, ole-feller.—Indianapolis Journal.

Aspiring Tragedian—Ah! Robins, how are you? I saw you at our performance the other night. How did you like my assumption of Hamlet?—Robins—Capital, my dear fellow. Greatest piece of assumption I ever saw in my life.

Old Million (with a scowl)—You want my daughter, eh? Now, sir, tell me in what single instance have you ever exhibited any business tact? Jake Fellows (grinning)—Well, that's easy enough. I picked you up for father-in law.

I don't know whether to regard this young author as a marvel of courtesy or a phenomenal specimen of assurance," said the magazine editor's assistant. "What has he done?" "Enclosed a stamp to be put on the cheque in payment for his article."—Washington Star.

I've had a delightful time on my holidays. No regular hours for meals. A large, airy room. No charge for hot and cold baths. All kinds of fruit and vegetables. A well-stocked wine cellar, and no charge for corkage, and, above all, no fees for the servants." "Delicious! Where is the ideal spot?" "I stayed at home."—Til Bits.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. If, however, there is no mistake about it, it cures diarrhea, cholera, small pox, measles, whooping cough, colds, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists at a nominal price. Send a bottle.

and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

The Wabash Railroad Company

With its superb and magnificent new train service, is acknowledged by all travelers to be the most perfect railway system in America. It now runs four trains daily each way between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, passing through Niagara Falls, Welland, Simcoe, Tilsonburg, St. Thomas, Chatham and Detroit. The "CONTINENTAL LIMITED" is the most beautiful train ever seen in this country; all its cars have the new modern wide vestibule. All Wabash passenger trains have free reclining chair cars. Full particulars of this wonderful railroad from any R.R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, hand-somely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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For Holiday Seekers.

You can have SATURDAY NIGHT sent to any address in Canada or United States for 20 cents per month; to foreign addresses 25 cents. Order before leaving and appreciate afterwards your forethought.

Dramatic Notes.

THE Toronto Opera House will quite surprise its patrons when it opens for the season on Monday evening next. The house has only had one gallery heretofore, now it has two, an upper gallery having been added and the lower one deepened and greatly improved. There are also upper and lower boxes and many other improvements; the lighting will be better, and considerable decorative work has been done on the interior. Mr. J. A. Radford designed and made these extensive alterations for Manager Small. By the way, it is reported that Mr. Small is now in equal partnership with Mr. Sparrow as proprietors of this theater, which simply means that the house will be run on better lines than ever, for Mr. Small is not only extremely popular, but an unusually capable theatrical man, and, with full control in his hands, will give us such a list of attractions as the house has never put forward before. The programme is not announced yet, but we may expect Mr. Small to follow up the enlargement of his theater with an increase in the scope of its undertakings. In the meantime, it may be said that the house is due to open on Monday evening next with Murray and Mack in burlesque comedy.

The Princess Theater will be conducted on the same lines as last year, for although Ralph Cummings, the actor, is gone, Robert Cummings, the actor and manager, will run the theater. He will begin the season with his new stock company on Monday afternoon, Aug. 29, giving two performances daily, and at the same prices as last season. The well-known comedy, Jane, has been selected for the opening week, with Miss Stella Rees in the title role. Other members of the company are Mr. Ralph Stuart, Mr. Thomas J. Grady, Mr. Barry O'Neill, Mr. Kingston, Miss Nettie Marshall, Miss Walters and Miss Lillian Andrews. Manager Cummings promises to produce a fine line of comedies, and says that he has a stronger company than last season. The theater has been newly decorated.

The Grand Opera House has also renewed its interior during the summer, and will quite surprise its patrons when it opens on Monday evening, August 26. I understand that Ward & Vokes, the eccentric comedians, will appear at the Grand for the two weeks of the Industrial Exhibition.

Wilkes Steward, the young actor who so gallantly rescued Marion Robertson from drowning at the Island a few weeks ago, is to be publicly presented with the Royal Canadian Humane Society's special medal. Mayo Shaw has been asked to make the presentation. Mr. Steward is well known in Toronto and quite an interest will be taken in him when he appears here professionally. A benefit concert is being arranged for him at the Pavilion on the evening of August 25, when the medal will be presented. It has been proposed that the city should give him a purse.

Last week Inira Kiraly opened the Madison Square Garden in New York with a stupendous naval show, representing the recent engagements at Manila and Santiago. The properties cost \$60,000. We shall have to suffer a great deal in our theatrical pleasures because of the war, and if we don't cheer all the clapping trap that is sprung on us we shall be accused of hating or envying the people of the United States. It is painfully evident already that the whole theatrical outlook for the season is very "bluggy." There seems very little new in sight but war dramas and naval spectacles.

W. S. Gilbert, the English dramatist, was at luncheon not long ago in a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling clergymen, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."

Mme. Albani has been making a tour through South Africa and is delighted with the country. When she visited the De Beers Compound at Kimberley

recently, three thousand Zulus danced and sang for her.

Anthony Hope lost no time, but at once began the dramatization of Rupert of Hentzau on its publication. "They say" that he wrote it with a view to the stage, and certainly some of its situations are stagey.

Robert Mantell has only gone in for vandeville during the vacation, and will go on the road again when the season opens.

De Wolf Hopper is rehearsing the Charlatan at the Knickerbocker theater, New York.

Ralph Cummings is to play the season in Cleveland.

Sporting Comment.

HE crowd that witnessed the defeat of the Toronto by the Capitals last Saturday at Rosedale, 6-3, was a regular old-timer. Standing room in the stands was at a premium. It was one of the largest and fastest fleets of racing skiffs that ever got together on the bay. It saw these things and many more of equal interest and aquatic importance. It failed to see, however, the fleets of crowded excursion boats, the thronged shores and wharves, the host of small craft clustered about the finishing lines and clinging to the booms. In short, it failed to see the spectators. As far as sport was concerned the regatta was a huge success, but as regards spectators it was a painfully severe frost. This regatta was supposed to bring to Toronto crowds from all over Canada, the United States, even the world. I don't know why it was expected to do so, unless that the regatta was as good a thing of its kind as America could produce. But it is vain to expect people to come to see anything unless they are informed about it. There were plenty of people right in the city who were unaware that such an affair was taking place. Two Toronto men were in the Walker House and one of them pointed to some men with badges on. "Who are these people?" he asked. "What's going on?" The badges had the word "Vesper" printed on them. The other thought a moment and then remembered that "Vesper" was the name of a boating-club, so he thought again and remembered that the Citizens' Regatta was in full progress. He said so, and the other replied, "Oh, yes." An affair of this kind should be thoroughly advertised at home as well as abroad. The regatta to have had the attendance it deserved should have been in the mind of everybody. It should have been the sensation of the city like the Exhibition.

If we had attracted an influx of visitors, however, where could they have found accommodation to witness the races? The bay is not like a river where spectators can line the banks. The three big club-houses could hold but comparatively few. Steamers are awkward grand-stands, as everybody naturally crowds to the one rail. It is just as well, perhaps, that the expected crowds failed to materialize or there might have been some hard things said of Toronto as a scene for a regatta. The only place that I can see to put people in view of the races would be along the reclaimed lands extending from the R.C.Y.C. club house to the Waterworks. This place is not very presentable at present, but it could be made so if necessary on some future occasion, and grand-stands could even be built if it was thought that the attendance would warrant it.

The American Canoe Association's annual camp is this year established on Stave Island in the St. Lawrence. Mr. Archibald and the Mab of Toronto are as of yore distinguishing themselves. On Monday the Mab won a race in which there were six starters. As the races at the A.C.A. camp are entered into by the best paddlers and sailors of the association which embraces the United States and Canada, it would seem that the Mab, with Mr. Archibald perched out to windward, is still the fastest boat of the type in America.

At time of writing the result of the races for the half-rater cup is not decided. The Challenger seems to be a much faster boat than the other Yankee half-raters who have tried to regain the cup. She has run the Dominion very close in two races, and the Dominion is reckoned much faster than Glencarlin II. The Dominion, after all, it seems, is a regular catamaran. On a close haul she lifts one hull free from the water and skates along like a certain type of ice-boat. It is thus that she is at her best. On a free run with both hulls

The great Citizens' Regatta was brought to a close on Saturday by the yacht-racing events. The Toronto bay had seen more first-class sport when the Merrythought, Vreda and the others caught their moorings after the day was over than it had ever known to be compressed into a week.

It had seen close finishes and hard won victories for six consecutive days. It had seen many of the fastest—rowing, paddling and sailing—that have been witnessed by any sheet of water on the continent. It had seen an eight-oared race for the first time—the style of racing that causes so much interest in England and the United States and to which, when they come off in those countries, the newspapers of this country devote columns of space. It saw the pick of the Canadian oarsmen and the champion amateur single sculler of the world contend. It saw canoes from the St. Lawrence competing with the canoes of Lake Ontario and western rivers. It saw swimming races which are a novelty in Toronto. It saw one of the largest and fastest fleets of racing skiffs that ever got together on the bay. It saw these things and many more of equal interest and aquatic importance. It failed to see, however, the fleets of crowded excursion boats, the thronged shores and wharves, the host of small craft clustered about the finishing lines and clinging to the booms.

In the water she is slower than the Challenger. She gains enough in going to windward, however, to win by a few seconds—that is, she has done so up to time of writing. Though the protest was disallowed it seems a pity that Mr. Duggan entered the freak boat instead of the Speculator, his other eligible. It were almost better to lose the cup than to allow any dissatisfaction in the way or in the boat by which it was won. There may be no doubt that the ordinary style of hull is preferable for general purposes to the catamaran. It is a better cruising boat, and naturally the ordinary style of hull could hold more.

There is no sense in developing boats that are racing machines merely. The value of these contests is in bringing out the subtle points of speed, in the lines, build and so forth, of the ordinary practical boat and eliminating defects, and if race freaks and monstrosities are introduced into the contest there is no saying where the thing will end. We will lose good deal more than the cup is worth if our Yankee friends decline to compete again next year on account of the freaky style of the defending boat.

The secretary of the Canadian Cricket Association, Mr. John E. Hall, has been noted by three of the men chosen to play in the international match that they cannot play—Messrs. McGivern, Boyd and Wadsworth. This probably means that three of the four spare men will be required to go as substitutes, but it is seriously questioned whether three of these men can be induced to go now, although if chosen in the first place to play, instead of being advertised as sorry substitutes, they might have gone. The men who come forward and fill up the gaps deserve present thanks and future consideration. Messrs. McGivern, Boyd and Wadsworth were not taken by surprise in being chosen to play in the match; they have played before, and were repeatedly named in the newspapers as men who would probably be chosen again. The committee that selected the team was made up of representatives of the various clubs in the Association, and the two clubs to which these players belong were represented at the meeting. It is surely a lack of courtesy to the Association, and a positive injustice to other players, to allow men to be chosen who will decline to play. Messrs. Lyon and Gillespie would have been chosen also, but they notified the Association that they would not be available, which was emphatically the proper course to take. Two of the three men who have dropped out are bowlers, and the third also bowls well. The team has thus been greatly weakened in its trundling. If Mr. Fritz Martin will go he will repair the loss to some extent, but it might be well for the Association to make a special effort to induce Mr. Lyon or Mr. Gillespie, or both of them, to come forward, like the true sportsmen they are, and relieve the difficulty. Perhaps it would be somewhat unusual to go outside the spare men, but they stand ready to fill the vacancies, but it is very unlikely that as many as three of them would come forward if called upon.

If we had attracted an influx of visitors, however, where could they have found accommodation to witness the races? The bay is not like a river where spectators can line the banks. The three big club-houses could hold but comparatively few. Steamers are awkward grand-stands, as everybody naturally crowds to the one rail. It is just as well, perhaps, that the expected crowds failed to materialize or there might have been some hard things said of Toronto as a scene for a regatta. The only place that I can see to put people in view of the races would be along the reclaimed lands extending from the R.C.Y.C. club house to the Waterworks. This place is not very presentable at present, but it could be made so if necessary on some future occasion, and grand-stands could even be built if it was thought that the attendance would warrant it.

Here are the batting averages in first-class English cricket up to August 1, there being twenty-one men with averages of 35 or over:

No.	Player	Times Inns.	Out.	Inns.	Runs.	Inns.	Aver.
Abel		28	3	1204	148	51.76	
Shrewsbury (A.)		24	5	963	154*	50.58	
F. S. Jackson		38	3	1323	190	90.00	
Storer (W.)		28	3	1194	169	77.50	
Quinton (W.)		17	3	660	320	47.65	
E. H. Stoddart		18	2	761	157	47.56	
J. R. Mason		21	1	1045	152	45.43	
Dr. W. G. Grace		27	1	1033	168	44.91	
Gunn (W.J.)		21	3	918	139	43.71	
C. J. Burnup		22	2	829	125	41.45	
C. L. Townsend		26	0	900	159	40.90	
C. J. Burnup		26	3	912	131	39.65	
L. C. H. Palafair		18	2	628	179*	39.25	
G. McTahey		23	2	809	145	38.55	
B. Brewster		20	4	760	157	37.60	
H. Tuncliffe		32	3	1072	108*	36.96	
Holland (Surrey)		18	1	627	126	36.88	
Hayward		21	1	735	126	36.75	
O. H. Sewell		25	0	824	111	36.30	
Tyler		25	0	1244	96	35.15	
Lord Hawke		21	6	631	107*	33.05	

*Signifies not out.

THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

P.	H.	I.	D.	Pts.	Proportion of points to finished game(s).
Yorkshire	19	13	3	4	-1
Lancashire	19	9	2	8	125.51
Surrey	15	7	2	6	55.55
Kent	12	1	2	6	52.33
Gloucestershire	13	7	3	6	37.50
Notts	12	1	1	0	11.25
Middlesex	9	3	2	4	-1
Derbyshire	11	3	1	5	100.00
Warwickshire	11	1	4	6	-3
Somersetshire	11	1	8	2	-7
Sussex	12	0	6	6	-6
Leicestershire	11	0	7	4	-

THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

P. = Wins; H. = Half-wins; I. = Innings; D. = Draws.

Derbyshire and Warwickshire are tied for the lead.

Derbyshire has the best record.

Warwickshire has the best record.

Derbyshire has the best record.

A True Fish Story.

IN the Pacific ocean, about thirty miles from the Californian coast, lies Santa Catalina, an island of twenty-two miles in length, abounding in lofty mountains, deep gorges, stupendous rock cliffs and beautiful bays. Towards the south-easterly end of the island is the little town of Avalon, situated on the bay of the same name, and it is in this neighborhood that there is to be found some of the most phenomenal rod and reel fishing in the world. Wonderful are the waters of Avalon, blue as an Italian sky and almost as transparent as the air itself. Evidently they are appreciated by the finny tribe, for in them the game fish of the Pacific seem to congregate.

Catalina has an Ananias Club, with a proper charter and a long list of members; and some of the stories told at its sessions would make the average Eastern fisherman turn pale and gasp for breath. The club has its recognized emblem, a sort of harp, constructed in a fishy manner, and altogether appropriate. Now, to the uninitiated the connection between this symbol and the gentlemen who fish is not entirely apparent, but when he understands that the other name for this particular style of harp is a lyre, its full meaning will dawn upon him. However, the writer is not a member of the club, and

hooks, which was indeed the case. By three o'clock in the afternoon five other fish had been caught, varying in weight from 120 pounds to 275 pounds, making six in all, with a gross weight of over 1,400 pounds—a pretty good catch for six hours' work.

The meat of the Jew-fish is coarse, and rarely eaten fresh. The best of them are sent to the mainland, where they are cut up, dried and salted, and then sold all over the country—as boneless cod.

But it is the tuna which puts up the best fight. His rushes are terrible, and he often leaps from ten to fifteen feet in the air. The tarpon of Florida waters has a reputation for fierceness, but it has been calculated by those who have had experience with both fish that a 100-pound tuna could tow a 150-pound tarpon and drown it. At Avalon a short time ago a large one was hooked foul, near the tail. He towed the boat miles out to sea, and it took eight hours' hard work to kill him. The tuna has a particular weakness for flying-fish, and his dashes after them are a royal sight. When a school of tunas is chasing the flying-fish, numbers may be seen in the air at the same time—shooting up quickly, turning gracefully, and literally catching their prey on the wing. The tuna is a type of activity, and its meaning will dawn upon him. However, the writer is not a member of the club, and

commotion among that school of mackerel? They act like boys running away from a policeman. Yes, there is a policeman. See, here he comes in the shape of a big, swift-moving yellowtail that has an appetite for a mackerel dinner. What a world of wonders is down there; what kaleidoscopic colorings and what life and commotion! But noise is banished and stillness reigns, for all we can hear is the lapping of the waves against the sides of the boat we are sitting in.

S. M. KENNEDY.
Los Angeles, Cal., August, '98.

The Faults of Husbands.

IWAS quite charmed with Mrs. Smith," said the Giggling Man to the Grim Woman, as they sat for half an hour enduring each other's company in the parlor of the boarding-house, where these and other stray specimens are collected.

"Ugh!" enquired the Grim Woman. "Were you, indeed? And why?" "She is altogether charming." "But quite without sense." "I did not think so."

"You would scarcely notice it," said she severely.

"I accompanied her to the depot," he chirruped, "and was delighted with her vivacity and charming manner. I thought her simply delicious, don't you know. She said some very bright things, I assure you. Her husband, you know, did not drive down, but was to join her there, and when it was almost train time and he had not arrived, she said —"

"Are you quite sure you should repeat what she said to you?" demanded the Grim Woman.

"Oh, it was quite proper—quite—oh, dear me, I do assure you—really," giggled the Giggling Man.

"No hysterics, please. Go on."

"Her husband had not arrived, you know," he resumed, "and the train was due to leave in two minutes. 'Dear me,' said I, 'why does he not come?' It is most provoking. You will miss the train." 'Not at all,' said she. 'He will be here. He is never ahead of time and never behind.' Sure enough, in he came and they caught the train without the least flutter. I was all excitement, but she had such confidence in him that she sauntered along beside him as if the train was not due to depart for an hour. I think she is a very charming and collected woman, really."

"You expected her to scream, and ask over and over again what time the train left, and send you off to see if her husband were anywhere in sight, I suppose?"

"That is the usual way," he giggled.

"Not with the wives of such men as Mr. Smith," replied the Grim Woman. "He inspires confidence. He is a precise, calm, punctual and strong man, and his wife lives within his sphere of influence. He neither misses a train by being too late nor loafing about consulting his watch making his wife fear that the train is not going to go. The credit is entirely his, and his little snip of a wife doesn't half understand what a jewel he is."

"But really," said the Giggling Man, "I fancy that some wives would never observe that their husbands were more punctual than anybody else."

"Some wives get no chance to observe strong qualities in their husbands," replied the Grim Woman. "Men often rush in at the last minute, grab their handbags, set the children running, cause a panic, catch the train, and then berate their wives for having been uneasy."

"Never missed a train in my life," they say.

"Such men don't deceive their wives in the least. The women know that such men are not to be relied on—that they are weak, and will always have some excuse and never be in fault. Men like Mr. Smith never make excuses. If he says that he will be home at a quarter past eleven at night, he enters the door at that moment. He makes few promises and breaks none of them. If his wife goes to a summer resort and he tells her that he'll join her on the 14th of next month on the 3:15 p.m. train, she meets that train and he steps off it. Your ordinary man doesn't. He joins her on the 9th, or the 11th, or can't get away until the 18th, or he goes up on the evening of the 13th—he never does exactly what he says, but notifies her of a change in his plans, perhaps he changes them two or three times. Can a woman depend on such a man if they are going away on a train together and he is not there five minutes before time? Not at all. She knows that he is blown about every breath of wind, and she—"

"'Gin'ral Shafter is a big, coarse, two-faced man fr'm Michigan, and whin he see Gin'ral Garshy an' his twenty-five gallant followers, 'Front,' says he. 'This way,' he says, 'step lively,' he says, 'an' move some in these things,' he says. 'Sir,' says Gin'ral Garshy, 'dye take me fr'a dhray!' he says. 'I'm a sojer,' he says, 'not a baggage ear,' he says. 'I'm a Cuban patrathie an' I'd lay down my life an' th' lives iv'ry wan iv' th' eighteen brave men in my devoted army,' he says, 'but I'll be dam'd if I carry a thrunk,' he says. 'I'll fight whinver it's cool,' he says, 'an' they ain't wan iv these twelve men here that wudn't follow me to hell if they was awake at th' time,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'if it twas wurruk we were lookin' fr' we eud have found it long ago,' he says.

"They'e a lot iv it in this country that nobody's usin', he says. 'What we want,' he says, 'is freedom,' he says, 'an' if ye think we have been in th' woods dodgin' th' savage correspontent t'r two year, he says, 'Fr th' sake iv' r-rushin' ye'r laundry home,' he says, 'tis no wondher,' he says, 'that th' roads fr'm Marinette to Kalamazoo is paved with gold bricks bought by people iv' y'r native state,' he says.

"So Shafter had to carry his own thrunk an' well it was fr' him that it wasn't Gin'ral Miles, th' weather bein' hot. An' Shafter was mad clear through, an' whin he took hold iv Sandago an' was sendin' out invitations he scratched Garshy.

Garshy took his gallant band iv six back to th' woods an' there three iv them ar're now, ar'med with forty rounds iv canned lobster an' ready to r-rassle to th' death.

Him an' th' other man has written to Gin'ral Shafter to tell him what they think iv him, an' it don't take long."

"Tut," said the Grim Woman. "A man of strong character knows before he promises."

If there was any chance of getting away on the 9th he would have enquired into it and known all about it before he promised.

Being a strong character in a world where ninety-nine men out of every hundred should wear petticoats, he's sufficiently master of himself not to find out by some mere chance that he can get away on the 9th, when he thought he couldn't go until the 14th. Such a man as Smith controls his own affairs, I tell you, even if he's junior clerk in the biggest office in the city. No one ever trifles with him or shuffles him hither and thither."

"It's all very well to talk so, but what can a fellow do when the chief calls him in?"

"The chief doesn't call Mr. Smith in. He calls in one of the others," interrupted the Grim Woman. "If you are on the premises he calls you in."

"You are in a delightful humor," he giggled, rising and rushing over to the window.

"I'm not. I'm in a nasty humor. Let me tell you this, though. Most men show their weakest sides to their wives. Men



The patriotic American's Lawn Sprinkler.

who are punctual and strong in business disappoint and aggravate their wives every day by forgetting little things or by being late or early in getting home. They telephone at the last minute upsetting plans that were made at the breakfast table. These men simply destroy themselves. I've seen it time and time again. Must you go?"

"Really I must. Here are the girls waiting for me. Oh, dear, this hot weather is so destructive of one's linen, is want there was sorrow an' despair all is happiness and a cottage organ."

The Grim Woman followed him with her eyes as he fluttered down the front steps and said: "Yes, it must be hard on linen collars—you should use ribbon about your neck like those other girls."

MACK.

Dooley on the Cubans.

Chicago Journal.

WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "dam thim Cubans. If I was Gin'ral Shafter I'd back up th' wagon in front iv th' dure an' I say to

Gin'ral Garshy, I'd say, 'I want you,' an' I'd hav' them all down at th' station an' decently booked by th' desk sergeant because th' fall iv night. Th' impyidence iv them!"

"What have they been doin'?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Failin' to understand our civilization," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye see, it was this way. This th' way it was. Gin'ral Garshy with wan hundred thousand men 'been fightin' bravely fr two years fr to liberate Cuba. Fr two years he's been marchin' his eighty-five thousand men up an' down th' island destroyin' th' haughty Spaniard be the millions. Whin war was declared he offered his own service an' th' servics iv' his ar-my iv fifty thousand men to th' United States, an' while waitin' fr ships to arrive he marched at the head iv his ten thousand men down to Sandago de Cuba an' captured a cigar factory, which they soon rayjooced to smokin' ruins. They was holdin' this position—Gin'ral Garshy an' his gallant wan thousand men—when Gin'ral Shafter arrived. Gin'ral Garshy immeditly offered th' services iv himself an' his two hundred thousand men fr th' capture iv Sandago, an' when Gin'ral Shafter arrived there was Gin'ral Garshy with his gallant band iv fifty Cubans ready to eat at a minit's notice."

"Gin'ral Shafter is a big, coarse, two-faced man fr'm Michigan, and whin he see Gin'ral Garshy an' his twenty-five gallant followers, 'Front,' says he. 'This way,' he says, 'step lively,' he says, 'an' move some in these things,' he says. 'Sir,' says Gin'ral Garshy, 'dye take me fr'a dhray!' he says. 'I'm a sojer,' he says, 'not a baggage ear,' he says. 'I'm a Cuban patrathie an' I'd lay down my life an' th' lives iv'ry wan iv' th' eighteen brave men in my devoted army,' he says, 'but I'll be dam'd if I carry a thrunk,' he says. 'I'll fight whinver it's cool,' he says, 'an' they ain't wan iv these twelve men here that wudn't follow me to hell if they was awake at th' time,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'if it twas wurruk we were lookin' fr' we eud have found it long ago,' he says.

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story of the self-sufficient clergyman from a country town who, at a religious congress, strutted up the aisle expecting to be given a high seat in the synagogue. To his humiliation no one noticed him, so perforce he came back to the door, near which a humble brother from his own town sat. The latter leaned forward and said, "I hope it will be blessed to you, brother!" So we trust will Uncle Sam's "experience."

Nothing has been more curious in this war than the behavior of the war correspondents, supposed to be under military law, to share the glory of the campaign, the rigor of the camp, and its discipline. What do we hear? The unspeakable bathos of Richard Harding Davis bleating about the lack of baths. Baths! Heaven save the mark! It was not the lack of baths that pinched the wan faces of the poor chaps lying wounded before Santiago de Cuba, but the lack of the plainest hospital necessities. Richard Harding Davis' strictures upon General Shafter were such that had that worthy had the spirit of the Matanzas mule he would have deported Mr. Davis from Cuba whilst the band played a quick march. Mr. Davis was glorious to behold in his be-pocketed suit of clothes with an aluminum cooking apparatus girded on. It is encouraging to hear that when the Mauser bullets began to sing past, the natural Adam cracked the veneer of his self-sufficiency, the cooking apparatus was cast aside and Mr. Davis got a gun. It is pleasant, too, to hear that he gave as good an account of himself with the gun as he previously has with the long bow. Nothing redeems the brutality of battle but martial ardor and war-like dignity. General Shafter seems to be painfully lacking in these respects. His very appearance is farcical to a degree. I am told by one who "was there" that nothing could be more ridiculous than to see the huge, over-grown man panting up the side of a horse of elephantine proportions—indeed, it was one of the sights of camp to see General Shafter mount. The tale of the hammock two miles to the rear does not redound to his credit, nor does the story, whether true or false, of the slapping of his face by a correspondent, who is of speak from personal observation one of the most bumptious of a bumptious cult. There is some excuse for a general being shot or stabbed, none for being slapped. His treatment of Garcia and his "ragged army" is utterly indefensible. How hysterical the war news has been with its fulsome "scare-heads," yet how amusing in detail! The Spaniards fought "like devils," the United States men "like heroes"—of course! The United States troops were "brave-hearted boys," the Spanish "tawny-faced fiends," naturally! The following incident was told me by one who vouched for its accuracy. A United States officer lost his orderly in the battle of Santiago; he approached a soldier and told him to consider himself acting as orderly. "To h—— with you and be your own orderly," was the polite and respectful reply. The officer took this somewhat pronounced snub and went his way. It is on *dit* in the New York clubs that Hearst made a bet of fifty thousand dollars that he could force the country to war. He probably reflects now, like Frankenstein, that he has raised a devil he cannot lay.

The people of the U.S. auxiliary cruiser St. Louis are presenting themselves with medals commemorative of Santiago de Cuba. This is truly delicious. Puts one in mind of the warriors in Hoyt's farce of *A Milk White Flag*. It sounds like a bit of opera *bouffe*, but it is true. Gorham has the order.

As Louis Mann says in *The French Maid*, "It is to laugh!"

JEANNE D'ARC.

New York, August, 1898.

His Masterpiece.

"I want a copy of Victor Hugo's masterpiece," said the lady who had entered the book-seller's shop. She expressed herself thus vaguely because she is nervous about her French. "I don't think we have any book of that name," responded the youth behind the counter. "That is not the name of the work. It merely describes it," rejoined the customer. "Published lately, ma'am?" "It was published many years ago. Surely you have Victor Hugo's greatest work?" "I don't know whether we have or not. What's the name of it?" "Lay Mee Say Rabbie," replied the lady desperately. "Oh, you mean *Less Mizzerables*. Yes, we've got it."

Not Needed

Pick-Me-Up

Scene: Railway platform, various machines in evidence—"Try your strength," "Try your weight," "Try your height." Little meek-looking man with his big wife passing. He observes:

"My dear, we shall soon have one next."

"Try your temper."

She loftily replies: "My dear, there will be no need for that whilst you're about."

The Better Way.

Chicago News.

"Say," said the book-keeper, addressing the cashier and winking knowingly at the office-boy, "do you know anything about this new stamp-tax?"

"Sure," replied the cashier; "what do you want to know?"

"Suppose," continued the book-keeper, "that I wanted to express my opinion, would I have to stamp the express receipt?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the cashier; "but if you will allow me, I would suggest that you forward your opinions by mail."

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Kaiser Wm., der Grosse, largest and fastest
ship in the world; second saloon, \$100 upward.

New York, Southampton (London), Bremen
Frieder Grosse, Sep. 1; Koengen Luisa, Sept. 15;
Barbarossa, ... Sep. 18; Weimar, ... Sep. 22.

MEDITERRANEAN Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa
Fulda, Sept. 3; Aller, Sept. 10; Werra, Sept.
17; Ems, Sept. 24.

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Buffalo, New York, etc. Low rates to excursion
parties. Tickets at all principal agents,
all G. T. R. offices and head office on wharf.
Family book tickets at low rates.
Rochester every Saturday night at 11 p.m.

Anecdotal.

A Bavarian voter showed his contempt for parliamentary institutions in a unique manner. During a hotly contested election, at which nearly all the German parties had solicited his vote, he placed in the urn a slip marked "Isaiah xii. 24." The passage reads: "Benold, ye are of nothing, and your work of nought; an abomination is he that chooseth you."

The late Professor Cohn, the famous botanist of Breslau, thus opened his course of lectures on botany: "The four chief constituents of plants are: Carbon, C; Oxygen, O; Hydrogen, H; and Nitrogen, N." Then writing down these four letters, with apparent carelessness, on the blackboard—COHN—he smiled, observing: "It is clear I ought to know something about botany."

One of the Smith Center boys writes to his home paper (says the Kansas City Journal) that when the news came to the Chickamauga hospital of the destruction of Cervera's fleet one of the nurses commenced to read it aloud. He had got as far as the statement that the Brooklyn had been hit forty-five times, when a fever patient, a little out of his head, shouted, "Great Scott! Who pitched for Brooklyn?"

A story, which has been a joy for many a long day among musicians, tells how a celebrated conductor, refusing an invitation to an afternoon party for his wife on the plea of her delicate health, got a little mixed in his explanations, for he made the following statement: "My wife lies in the afternoon; if she does not lie, then she swindles!" N.B.—"Schwindeln" is the equivalent in German for "feeling giddy."

At the great meeting in St. James' hall in the summer of 1868, to protest against the disestablishment of the Irish Church, some Orange enthusiasts, in the hope of disturbing Bishop Wilberforce, kept interrupting his honeyed eloquence with impudent shouts of "Speak up, my lord!" "I am already speaking up," replied the bishop in his most dulcet tone; "I always speak up, and I decline to speak down to the level of the ill-mannered person in the gallery."

When the hero of Manila was a lieutenant he was left in charge of the ship while his superior officers were enjoying shore leave in a Mediterranean town. It was very hot and the men were taking it easy, when there came a sudden call from Lieutenant Dewey to get the heaviest block and tackle out of the hold and set it in place without delay. For two hours the sailors worked, perspired and wondered what was up. After everything was in place the lieutenant ordered them to hitch up to a large "chew" of tobacco that had been thrown under one of the guns—a thing that was strictly

against the rules. The tobacco was removed.

While Spurgeon was still a boy preacher, he was warned about a certain virago, and told that she intended to give him a tongue-lashing. "All right," he replied, "but that's a game at which two can play." Not long after, as he passed her gate one morning, she assailed him with a flood of billingsgate. He smiled and said: "Yes, thank you, I am quite well; I hope you are the same." Then came another burst of vituperation, pitched in a still higher key, to which he replied, still smiling: "Yes, it does look rather as if it is going to rain; I think I had better be getting on!" "Bless the man," she exclaimed, "he's as deaf as a post; what's the use of storming at him?"

When the Duke of Wellington was operating with the Spanish army in the Peninsula against Napoleon, he was desirous on one occasion, during a general engagement, that the general commanding the Spanish contingent should execute a certain movement on the field. He communicated the wish to the Spaniard personally, and was somewhat taken aback to be told that the honor of the King of Spain and his army would compel a refusal of the request unless Wellington, as a foreign officer, graciously permitted to exist and fight on Spanish soil, should present the petition on his knees. The old duke often used to tell the story afterward, and he would say: "Now, I was extremely anxious to have the movement executed, and I didn't care a twopenny damn about getting on my knees, so down I plumped!"

The Latest Revision.

The Unchaperoned Woman. The Spoiled Man.

A LITTLE United States boy having been initiated into the methods of government of various countries, and earnestly instructed as to the superiority of those obtaining in his own land, thus astonished his mother at prayer-time: "Our Father 'ch'art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy republic come—mother, I won't pray again for a kingdom." And he has continued to revise his prayer on these lines.

The close of the century introduces the unchaperoned woman to society; not to that society which one meets in busy ways, on the street cars and in the restaurants, though it is the wage-earner who frequents such places, who has broken that hole in the ice of conventionality through which the unchaperoned woman has so calmly bobbed up. The unchaperoned woman is not a wage-earner, though the wage-earner is indifferently voted all right without a chaperone; she is one of the stronger-minded and more equally poised of the butterflies of fashionable life, the energetic, independent, dignified and sometimes uncompromising girl who quietly determines to take excellent care of herself and do so in her own way. Such an one can go, and does go to matinees, lectures, morning concerts and lunch parlors alone if she prefers to do so, and goes without comment or criticism. "I saw you all alone at the matinee," twittered a little blonde girl to her tall and robust girl-friend. "Did you?" said the latter indifferently. "I did not intend to go this morning, but suddenly took a fancy to see Babbie once more." The tall girl has just made a tour of a very beautiful part of New York State on her bicycle all alone, and with camera and sketch-book had a very pleasant time. "Lonely? Oh, no!" she said when I asked her. "I like best to go alone when I can't get my brother, and you know he's down in Santiago just now!" There are, of course, thousands of girls who cannot go anywhere without a chaperone, nor should they—girls who are men, and laugh loudly, and fling themselves carelessly into seats, and stand gaping into shop windows, and talk to strangers, and have not about them that blessed reserve and calm dignity which the beasts and birds of prey of the city know enough to recognize for the magic circle about a woman who knows how to chaperone herself. The woman all alone has grown to be so ordinary a sight that she is comparatively safe from remark these days.

"What You Can Do With a Dime" is the title of a smart little article, calculated to instill habits of penuriousness into its readers. One thing you can do with a dime these days is to buy a very fine book, cheaply gotten up, at Bain's ten cent library. The other day I was looking over the lot, and found many standard novels and a lot of this year's books piled on this ten-cent-book bargain-table. Talking of dimes reminds me that we are having a good laugh at the outcome of an enterprise which started with that modest sum of money. A certain patriotic and sympathetic young lady to the south of us wrote to half a dozen of her friends a little letter, asking them each to send her a dime for ice and fruit for the sick and wounded soldiers in Cuba, and to each ask half a dozen friends as she had done, to contribute and pass the request along. The noble thirty-six responded and passed along the request. The results are almost incredible. The "endless chain" as this scheme is called, has gone to Mexico, to Alaska, to Portland in Maine from Portland in Oregon. The throbbing heart of the nation has taken it unto itself. The dimes have counted in by this time some fifty thousand dollars, and the young lady cannot stop the wonderful chain. The other day a small mail of about nine thousand letters was received at her address. Where and when it will end the good hearts of the women of America only know. At present the links are whirling by so fast one could not count them in this extraordinary chain, and the staff of clerks in the postoffice has to be doubled and trebled to handle the mail.

A woman writes: "Dear Lady Gay, Won't you please say something to take down the conceit of young men?" This



Some Glimpses of our Legislators.

Drawn by Victor Darling, Simeon, Ont.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every photographic study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

DENNY'S SWEETHEART.—Hope you are in the same case as Florian, and that your study was satisfactory. I'd do anything in reason to please Denny and you.

ECHO.—The study lacks freedom—a quotation and on lines. I don't think you could expect much. Write naturally, anything which follows your thoughts, and dispense with ruled paper. Then you may get something. Let yourself out a bit. You are perfect—too perfect.

SMALL FRY.—Concentration, push and ambition are shown. Writer knows what he or she wants and will get it. Care and consideration are balanced by energy and a very bright and magnetic nature. I should think writer would enjoy anything appealing to the imagination, and like surroundings to be daintily beautiful, and above all appropriate. Humor bleeds this study.

MY H. HAMILTON.—It is a bright, good-natured and somewhat self-conscious study, apt to take the world easy and make the best of everything. A trifle of insincerity, or rather conventional expression is shown. Writer is enterprising and bright, impatient of shortcomings in herself and others, with imagination and kindness, generosity and conscientiousness shown.

BUTTON BARLOW.—Yes, I shouldn't wonder if you were. Your writing shows hope and gentleness, and rather a tendency to be influenced by gentle means. It is not a very virile or self-assured writing. Your character is not at all matured, and it is not fair to judge it. There are good traits, and the nature is buoyant and mildly ambitious. Cleverness and some fancy are shown.

JULIE ANN.—This study has strong vitality, very little control, and a general air of crude and impetuous youth about it. The writer has fine force and a generally strong and independent make-up. Would be very likely to rush in where angels fear to tread. Reverence and modesty are lacking; a dashing, wilful and almost vulgar self-assertion is shown, but I think the worse fault is that of immaturity. From such a study, properly disciplined, comes a fine character.

RUTH NEW YORK.—Is that your name? It is rather indistinct, so I add the name of your home. Your prophecy about Sampson came true, didn't it? Your handwriting, like yourself, tells a good deal. You are never afraid to express yourself, though in general you are cautious whom you trust in important things. Refined feeling and some tenacity, excellent purpose with increasing perseverance are shown, and your ideas are clear and logical. You have not very much diplomacy, nor is patience your best virtue. It is a smart, honest and careful study.

FLORIAN.—My gracious me! And I suppose you've been here all summer and I didn't know it? Well, why didn't you come and tell me so? I should just love to have you come to the sandbank and send me into fits. Hope you have enjoyed Toronto this summer if you have got here at all. What a description of it! Flowers, peace, quietness, gardens, and nothing to do but go to people, read SATURDAY NIGHT, hang on to car straps and watch the new City Hall. I presume you got your delineation long ago, if I ever got your study. Let me know if you did. It would be a pleasure to tell you again how sweet you are.

AND for the first time he realized the actual horrors of war.

Two Ugly Men.

Many years ago there were two brothers, named Joel and Jonathan, who were famous throughout Wayne County, Ind., because they were both such frights. One day they were on their way to Cincinnati by wagon, in the days of the old canal. The wagon was of the covered variety, and only Joel was visible to the natural eye as the vehicle plunged into and out of the chuckholes that infested the way. Joel was said to be the next to the ugliest man in all the country around, and his brother took precedence. The two brothers met a stranger, who, attracted by the supremely homely face of Joel, stopped his horse and said:

"Excuse me, my friend, but would you mind tellin' me your name?"

In a sepulchral tone Joel replied: "Well, I guess I haven't never done nothin' that would make me ashamed to tell my name. My name is Joel —"

"Where do you live, if it is a fair question?"

"I live in Wayne County, Indiana."

"Well, stranger, I've seen much of Indiana, but I'll bet you \$10 that you're the ugliest man in the State."

"Well, I hain't no gamblin' man," replied Joel, "but I hain't never seen nothin' in the Scripture ag'n bein' the ugliest man in the State."

Turning to the wagon cover and peering into its depths, he called: "Jonathan, stick you head out hyer."

Jonathan did as requested. The stranger paid the money without a word of complaint.

Politeness That Didn't Pay.

Illustrated American.

"Beg pardon," said a polite stranger, thinking he grazed an old man's ankle.

"Eh f' said the old gentleman.

"Beg your pardon," said the polite stranger, shouting.

Old Gentleman (unconscious of any hurt)—Why?

Polite Stranger—I am afraid I kicked you.

Old Gentleman—Eh?

Polite Stranger—(shouting)—I kicked you.

Old Gentleman (surprised)—What for?

Polite Stranger—it was quite an accident.

Old Gentleman (not catching it)—Eh?

Polite Stranger (screaming in his ear)—Accident.

Old Man (terrified)—Where, where?

Polite Stranger—(shouting)—You don't say so. Anyone killed?

(Polite stranger rushes off and misses his train.)

JUDGE AND JURY.

The Man Who Uses Shoe Polish

is his own Judge, and the Jury can't disagree.

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Watch the Verdict.
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



Studio and Gallery

To perpetuate itself as a distinctly individual nation, preserving its identity among the host of nations, is a laudable and legitimate aim for any people. It has perhaps its origin in the desire of the individual for immortality, and the natural aversion we all have for final extinction. Theologians set in this a proof that we are really destined to be immortal. Whether we really are or not, one thing is certain, we all wish to be. "If a man die shall he live again?" is a question which has occupied the thinking powers of many great men. However much hope the individual may have of living again if he once die, there is not so much certainty that the nation which once dies shall live again, in a strictly literal sense at any rate. Live again it does, certainly, in all it contributes to the good or harm of posterity. In this sense a nation never really dies. Its national characteristics come up in a resurrection body of some kind. As a matter of fact, every people which is to any great degree a unit must assume a common form, and if such a people express itself in art productions there will, of necessity, be an identity, individual, marked, sufficient to distinguish it from all other peoples. There is something wrong surely in the moral and mental composition of a nation which has really no self-love, no desire to make its individuality felt, to say to other groups of people, "I am myself," with consciousness of inborn and cultivated personal responsible life. As the art of a nation more truly expresses its real self than any other evidence it can give, to a country's art we must look to see its mental traits. To a nation composed of a mixed multitude can there be no truly national art. Austria, for instance, composed of Germans, Hungarians, Slavs and Poles, can have no truly national art, at least not until these differing elements have been welded and moulded into unity. We Canadians are also a mixed multitude, not so heterogeneous, perhaps, as the Austrians, but we, too, will require time to evolve out of our medley any distinctively national art. This, however, should be our aim. Anything which tends to unify and bring together as a people is helpful to this national art. Those movements which divide and draw lines between us as colonists are not in the best interests of Canada. It is well

to remember that we are sons of England, and sons of Scotland, and sons of Ireland, but it is far more to the point, and to our own advantage in the long run, to remember that we are sons of Canada. It is comfortable to remember that we have a mother, especially in times of danger, but it is better to learn how to defend ourselves. Can we be content to be presented to posterity as a duplicate or as a sort of mongrel, or be always in a transitory state, making little advancement towards unification? We have in our Royal Canadian Academy and Ontario Society of Artists germs which all true Canadians, whether artists or not, should give of their aid in cultivating. The R.C.A. is the exponent of our Canadian art. Brussels, in its Haute-Claire Society, the aims and objects of which are thus expressed in its catalogue, is looking towards a national art:

"Haute-Claire is a new association of artists and craftsmen desirous of establishing a fixed style—a tradition—in industrial art. Jewelry, enamelling, sculpture, binding, furniture making and pottery—all these branches will be undertaken by the Haute-Claire Society, in respectful observance of the master-works of the past, and in accordance with the laws of beauty and rhythm and harmony which constitute Nature herself. Every piece of work produced by the Haute-Claire Association will be executed exclusively by the members, and will bear the letters 'H.C.' with the sign of a sword between two iris flowers."

This embraces a much larger constituency than the R.C.A., but it is quite essential that it should do so if a liberal and distinctively national trait is to be visible in all branches requiring artistic merit.

Then, again, how desirable it is to have a school of art, purely our own, conducted after the fashion of the Paris schools. There are many in Toronto, surely, who would avail themselves of such instruction if our leading artists were willing to give of their time and powers to the extent the great artists of Paris could. A place where serious students could work all day if they wished, and receive semi-weekly or weekly a criticism from our leading artists. We would soon have a Canadian art were all students educated under common masters. There never can be a very pronounced national art in Canada as long as there is so little unity of purpose, so little association, so many of divided interests as exist at present among the artists themselves. The public will begin to believe our art really means something when it is confronted with a solid phalanx of artists marching in step, (in aim, not in manner), determined to do or die in the establishment of a mode which shall be known as an expression of that is aesthetic in the souls of Canadians.

Henry Martin, O. S. A., has just returned from Kingston, where, in spite of the obstruction of the retarding elements, he has been enabled to secure a number of faithful sketches of local scenery, which skeletons we hope to see duly clothed and rendered presentable to an appreciative public in the near future.

R. F. Gagen, secretary of the O. S. A., is confined to his home with illness since his return from Boston, and so the preparation for the art display at the coming Fair lags somewhat.

L. R. and Mrs. O'Brien are to spend a short time, ere the season closes, with their friend, Mrs. Holmested of Dundas.

George Chavignaud has an exhibition in Roberts' Art Gallery two very nice water-colors. These are in Mr. Chavignaud's best style and are very pleasing.

Mrs. Marie H. Holmested is at the Falls of Niagara, industriously painting views of the rapids and some evening effects.

J. W. L. Forster is journeying through the scenes of the art activities of the Old Land, and is good to say he will tell us of some of the nice things he has seen, when he returns. Seen with Mr. Forster's experienced eye, there must be, there will be, much to tell.

A committee of ladies has been appointed by the directors of the Wentworth Fair to revise the prize list in the art department. This committee proposes to bring up the art contributions to something like modernness. The judges in the past have been blissfully ignorant of art and, therefore, have had all the necessary qualifications to constitute them pronounced critics of art. In the future a committee of artists from Toronto, it is said, are to be invited to give their humble and modest opinion on the subjects presented. The committee of ladies consists of Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. M. H. Holmested and Mrs. W. Graham.

It is needed rough weather.

A copy of the London *Chronicle* gives the complete text of Ambassador John Hay's response at his At Home on July 4. In it he made this graceful allusion to Andrew Carnegie: "I am reminded of a little parable. A friend of mine, known and honored by all of you, who had taken a castle in Scotland, wanted to display the British and the American flags from the topmost tower. But not wishing to give either precedence over the other, he had the two flags sewed together, so that one side displayed the Stars and Stripes and the other the meteor flag of England. The combination was rather—I will not say heavy, but weighty, and in the still days of midsummer it dropped upon the staff."

"But when a breeze came the twin flags unfolded the splendor of their colors, and when a gale blew they stood stiffly out to the air, proclaiming their attachment to every quarter of the sky. So my friend drew the moral which I see you recognize before I utter it. The attachment was formed long ago, but it needed rough weather to show it to the world."

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of sun-baked clay, roughly but quaintly decorated and artistically shaped. These are made from a certain porous clay found only about the Mexican town of Guadalupe and in India. It is used chiefly for water-bottles, as, being porous, water evaporates from them quickly. This is known to keep the water remaining in the jar cool. The pieces are not shaped in a mould; they are the work of peasants and done entirely by hand, no two being exactly alike. In addition to the jugs and cups, etc., there are some really excellently modeled figures, notably a group, The Gamblers, Mexicans reclining on skins playing cards. If this is the everyday production of uneducated peons it seems to show that there is a lot of talent inherent in the Mexican people that will one day blossom and produce a genius.

The coming Rembrandt exhibition, which will be opened at Amsterdam early in September, promises, by the way, to be of the greatest importance. Examples of the master's work are expected to be contributed by Queen Victoria, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminster, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Lord Derby, Earl Spencer, the Countess de Pourtales, M. Ephrussi, M. Bonnat, and other noted collectors. JEAN GRANT.

A Stevenson Fragment on Conscience.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson spent some of his time writing moral maxims and little sermons on conduct, which he left among his unpublished MSS. Mr. Sidney Colvin, who is now preparing for the press a biography of the novelist, will include these unpublished sayings and sermons in the volume. The London *Outlook* has been permitted to draw on them in advance, and from those it publishes we select the following:

"Never allow your mind to dwell on your own misconduct; that is ruin. The conscience has morbid sensibilities; that must be employed, but not indulged, like the imagination or the stomach. "There is but one test of a good life: that the man shall continue to grow more difficult about his own behavior. That is to be good: there is no other virtue attainable. The virtues we admire in the saint and the hero are the fruits of a happy constitution. You, for your part, must not think you will ever be a good man, for these are born and not made. You will have your own reward if you keep on growing better than you were—now, do I say? if you do not keep on growing worse."

"There will always do wrong; you must try to get used to that, my son. It is a small matter to make a work about, when all the world is in the same case. I meant, when I was a young man, to write a great poem: and now I am cobbling little prose articles, and in excellent good spirits, I thank you. So, too, I meant to lead a life that should keep mounting from the first; and though I have been repeatedly down again below sea-level, and am scarce higher than when I started, I am as keen as ever for that enterprise. Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits."

Some Caithness Humor.

Northern Ensign (Wick).

Some ladies on the banks of Wick River wished very much to know if the ice was strong to bear them. A passing pedlar was asked to go out on it. John was probably as unwilling to run the risk which they feared, and very courteously but adroitly answered, "Though I may be a fool I am not devoid of manners. The ladies will please go first and I will follow."

Nearly two generations ago the question of having their church buildings insured against fire was discussed by the kirk session of a religious sect in the county town. The economics of fire insurance might be sound enough as applied to their own personal property, but they took a different view of the matter where a sacred building was concerned. The climax of debate was reached, and with it the finding of the meeting as one of these worthy men with the faith of a Peter said, "If God was not able to keep His own building it was time to roup the business."

A small farmer had finished the business which had brought him some hours before from his home at Howte to the mansion house of his laird, when he suggestively invited the hospitality of the latter by remarking that he required his tongue when he visited Barrock, but that he might as well have left his teeth at home.

Second Thoughts.

The sound of the door closing behind him fell like a knell.

"Come back!" she shrieked.

The echo of her own voice mocked her.

"Come back!"

Her cry smote the empty air and was lost.

"Perhaps—"

She bowed to the decree of fate.

"—it is better thus."

Upon closer inspection she had discovered that the umbrella he left was silk and not alpaca, after all.

Teacher (to pupil): How old are you?

Pupil—Six.

Teacher—When were you six?

Pupil—On my birthday. —Truth.

First Nighter—What! Every seat taken.

Ticket-seller—Every one. But there will be plenty after the first act. I saw a rehearsal.

"Well, we remembered the Maine, didn't we?" "Yes, but I see you're one of those who had to wear a button in order to do it." —Cleveland Leader.

Said the thin man—The doctor has ordered me to stick to fattening food. Said the other man—Pity he couldn't order the fattening food to stick to you.

Mother—Johnny, stop using such dreadful language! Johnny—Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it. Mother—Then don't play with him; he's no fit companion for you.

"What is your idea of a literary person?" "Well, a literary person is one who buys books, without asking whether they are to be had in paper back." —Detroit Free Press.

Mother—I gave each of you boys an orange, Charlie, you said you wouldn't eat yours until after dinner. And you, Jack, said the same. Have you deceived me? Charlie—No, mother; we didn't eat our own oranges. I ate Jack's and he ate mine!

"No," she said, "you are not such a man as I would have thought of choosing for my husband." "That may be," he replied, "but I thought, seeing you had got beyond the point where choosing was possible, that you might consent to—But he never finished. —Cleveland Leader.

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Fiction Made to Order.
Washington Star.

The publisher of fiction in paper cover was not feeling very amiable when the young lady novelist called on him.

"I called to see about my story," said the young lady novelist.

"Oh, the one which is entitled Marietta's Marriage; or, a Life Story From a Book of Cigarette Papers?"

"Yes; that's it."

"Well, it's a pretty good novel. But you must bear in mind that as litterateurs we're responsible for the education of the public to a certain degree. We must not be too improbable. Sometimes you have to be a little improbable now and then in order to fascinate your reader, but you can be reasonable a good deal of the time."

"But if you try that, isn't your reader likely to become uninterested?" she enquired.

"Not if you're judicious. Now, the only incident which represents the heroine as jumping out of a third-story window on to an awning over a meat store in order to escape the abductors who are on her track. It's too much to risk on an awning. And, besides, it's more likely any abductor who knew his business would have a confederate posted outside to catch her when she bounced off. Of course, you've got her cornered and she's got to get away somehow. But I must say it doesn't sound quite artistic to me."

She had been thinking while he talked, and she remarked:

"Suppose we fix it this way: She was on her way home from the milliner's, where she bought the most fashionable hat in the window. She was walking through the park when she saw her pursuers on her track. She knew she must act quickly. Without a moment's hesitation she took off the hat, laid it on the ground and then crouched behind the bunch of mammoth hyacinth blossoms, which the milliner had told her would cost her \$17 extra. How she rejoiced that she had not carried out her threat to go without rather than pay so much! The men who had so often abducted her before were foiled at last. They came within a few feet of her hiding place, and one of them paused, but only to remark that he had never before seen a flower bed and shrubbery in that part of the park. Marietta was saved!"

And the publisher nodded his head approvingly and exclaimed:

"Now, there's some sense to that."

"Wicked" Lord Lonsdale.

At a recent meeting of the Poor Clergy Relief Society, says an English paper, the Hon. George Waldegrave Leslie told a good story of Bishop Waldegrave of Carlisle and the "wicked" Lord Lonsdale. The Bishop pleaded the cause of a clergyman passing rich on £10 a year, whose well-educated wife took in tourists' washing to add to their scanty income. Lord Lonsdale said:

"Everybody looks on me as a very sinful man, beyond all possible hope of salvation. You have pleaded the cause very nobly for that young clergyman. Here is my cheque book; put down what you like and I will sign it."

The Bishop said: "No, that is a matter between God and you."

Lord Lonsdale gave the Bishop a cheque for £10,000, and afterwards two further cheques of £20,000, for the poor clergy of the diocese of Carlisle.

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MUSIC

The following letter from Mr. T. G. Mason will prove of interest to the many friends of the trio of clever young ladies whose performances are referred to, and who are at present representing Toronto in the West:

DEAR MODERATO.—In a former letter I gave SATURDAY NIGHT an account of the Philharmonic Society's performance at Victoria, B.C., and now as a sequel an account of the performance of our fair young Toronto artists—the Misses Lash, Hamilton, and Winlow at Vancouver, respectively, and devoid of interest, especially to Toronto readers, or even to readers outside of Toronto.

In my journeys westward over the Canadian Pacific main line, as also over the line of the newly-constructed portions of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway and in the Kootenay mining districts, I heard at various points very favorable comments of their performances, so that when I met them for a few moments on the railway platform at Revelstoke and listened to them at the warmth of their receptions, I felt, as a Torontonian, a personal interest in their gratification and pleasure.

Sunday afternoon, July 25, they reached Vancouver and that evening, in response to the request of the organist of Christ's Church, Miss Lash joined "the white-robed choristers" of the church and sang Dudley Buck's fine sacred song, "Fear Not Ye, O Israel," with dramatic effect, her mezzo-soprano showing off to great advantage. I confess I felt proud of our young artists, and particularly pleased with her method, calm and dignified, and the manner in which she dwelt upon the words, "He hath redeemed me," the most salient point of the song, as though she wished to impress their sublime import on the minds of the congregation to whom she was ministering. This is one of the prerogatives of art; alas! how seldom is it recognized and observed by our Canadian singers. The large congregation was delighted, and many were the commendations I heard when leaving the church.

I must not omit to accord a large share of praise to the organist, Mr. Walter Evans, whose intelligent accompaniment, anticipating and meeting each mood of his singer, and the judicious manipulation of his organ-stops, enhanced the beauty of the song, at the same time supporting the efforts of the singer.

Next evening, Monday, their concert, given under the auspices of the Vancouver Boat Club and the Burrard Yacht Rowing Club, took place in the Opera House, and was well attended by the élite of Vancouver. I think I am safe in saying that the favorable impression of the evening before served only to enhance Miss Lash's reputation, and I fancy that whenever she returns to the fast-expanding city appreciative Vancouver audiences will accord her a hearty welcome.

Miss Lois Winlow, cellist, led off with Thorne's "Simple Aven," which she played with much facility and grace. Her mild, artistic method and her poetic contour of face won the hearts of her audience from the first, and nothing but an encore would satisfy them. In response she gave a satisfying interpretation of Behr's Schlimmerled. Her other numbers were an Air by Moszkowski, Chopin's Nocturne and Schumann's Traumerei, all of which were interpreted with excellent intelligence. It is not often that we find one so young, so completely a master of her art, and, A little more dash and power, perhaps, judiciously exercised could be introduced, I think, with enhanced effects, and this I should urge her to study and acquire, and when she does so it need not be a prophet to foretell that she will be an artist in the front ranks.

Miss Lash may well be gratified at the generous reception she received—her reputation had preceded her. Nothing could be happier than her first number, Edgar Smith's "Creole Love Song." In this song her voice and manner combined brought down the house, and deserved for her a magnificent bouquet of lilies. What glorious flowers they have at the Pacific Coast! We of the East can have little conception of them until we are there; but here I must draw the pen, or I could fill your page describing the richness of their color, their magnificent size and the pervading beauty of their perfume. As an encore Miss Lash gave Boeckel's "She Stoops to Conquer." Her other songs were "Love is the Night," by Bohm; "Bread & Butter," by Hayley; "The Merry Merry Lamb," by Nadin, and "You Ask Me Why I Love You," by Kellie, all of which she rendered grace fully and to the delight of her audience.

Miss Hamilton's recitations proved quite an interesting feature of the programme. Her first number, "The Honor of the Woods," was not only appropriate to the occasion, but was given with intense dramatic effect. The title, however, is most misleading, giving no one an idea that it is descriptive of a boat-race, which is a common literary motif, but, however, the title ought to be changed. I would like to whisper a suggestion to Miss Hamilton—to give her utterances more deliberation. So rapid was her speech that her audience, I fear, lost a number of her sentences. Especially was this rapidity manifested in her rendering of "The Honor of the Woods." This is all the more regrettable because her dramatic powers are of a high order. It can easily be done, however, but the portrayal of the corsair's inner man, her effort to pass the winning flag ahead of his rival was very clever and roused her audience to a high point of enthusiasm. In response to an encore she gave "The Sale of Old Bachelors," which again elicited the approval of her audience. Her other numbers were Miss Brook's "The Swan Song," but in The Kitchen Clock she unconsciously made a big local hit. Among the audience were two well known society favorites who had been attracting no little attention lately, two souls with but single, though bright, musical heart as one. The first verse was scarcely half way through the audience began to catch on, and a ripple of unrestrained laughter came from every part of the house. As verse followed verse, "the hit" became more apparent, and as each refrain, "Pretty Millie—kiss her Billy, Millie, Millie, tick, tick; tick, tick," was reached the fun was intensified, a perfect tornado of laughter greeted the fair reciter, and when she retired from the stage the house was in tears. Mrs. Hamilton's next number was "The Bazaar," which she will not easily forget the effect she produced. After the concert she was informed of the circumstances and the cause of the audience's hilarity. You can judge of her surprise, but the joke was enjoyed nevertheless.

Just before leaving Vancouver I learned that arrangements had been made for a sacred musical service in Christ's church

in which Miss Lash will take a prominent part on the return of the company from Victoria.

Yours very truly,
T. G. MASON.

From a recent article by Otto Floersheim, the gifted Berlin, Germany, correspondent of the *Musical Courier*, on Advantages and Disadvantages of Musical Study in Berlin, the following interesting extracts are taken: "The fact that many musical advantages can be gained here (in Berlin) is manifest. First and foremost, the atmosphere of study which pervades Berlin, as well as most other cities, to a greater extent than it does American towns, tends to transform the somewhat volatile American young men and women into earnest and methodical students. Unfortunately they usually begin with excessive work, and the rainy effect upon their nerves more than counterbalances any musical advantage gained during this initial period. The transformation into steady-going, patient, painstaking workers, with a proper comprehension of their aims and of the distance to be traveled before any high level of accomplishment can be reached, usually requires a year or more of varied experiences. Moderate but relentless application is the only means of securing great artistic skill. The second advantage offered by the capital of Germany is the amount of good music one can hear for a comparatively small expenditure. The opera, while not ideal in the matter of solo personnel, is, as a whole, good, the repertory catholic and comprehensive, and the students can patronize the top gallery from which they hear and see adequately, for thirty-six cents. During the season Berlin offers from two to three concerts per evening. Many of these are so-called 'artist concerts,' a majority of which repay the expenditure of time or money, but they also include the Nikisch, the Weingartner symphony concerts, the Joachim Quartet and the Philharmonic popular concerts (three of the latter each week). Siegfried Ochs' Philharmonic Chorus produces a number of important works each season, and in a manner far superior to the performances of most choral organizations wherever found. Siegfried Ochs is a good musician, an excellent drill master, and is endowed with uncommon enthusiasm and magnetism. The 'artist concerts' above referred to are not all unworthy of attendance, however, for they include the performances of most of the great living artists in each season's list. . . . Berlin has excellent teachers in each and every branch of musical study. Some of them are well known public performers, which fact has made them attractive to students, for being able to call themselves pupils of 'so-and-so' does seem to hide disabilities in a most mysterious way. Although Berlin has many first-class teachers, New York, Boston or Chicago can furnish an equally brilliant array. The life in the United States, however, makes teachers more adaptive and therefore, in a way, better pedagogues. The real artistic advantages of study here are the atmosphere of earnestness that pervades this older country and the educational influence of much hearing. The business advantage is in having 'studied abroad.' Referring to the same question, Mr. A. J. Goodrich, a prominent American musician, writes: 'Our educational advantages are in some respects superior to those of Europe. The difficulties of comprehending instruction imparted in a strange tongue do not exist here; the best American teachers are more free from prejudice and dogmatism than are the teachers of Europe, and the expenses as well as the inconveniences of foreign study are considerably lessened to American students in America. There is a good deal of deception about this matter of 'studying abroad,' though only those who have given supplementary instruction to European 'graduates' know the full extent of the glittering sham. The most talented pupils, those who would become proficient in music despite the professors, have been in the habit of pursuing their advanced studies in the Old World, and as a natural consequence European instruction has been credited with these brilliant examples. But the far more numerous cases of failure have been overlooked. Doubtless there are many people here who still believe that European study is essential; but in the opinion of our best judges it is not.'

The thirteenth Peninsular Saengerfest, which was held in Berlin, Ont., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week, proved an unusually interesting and successful event, rivaling in its artistic achievements and in the material success of the *Fest* any of the twelve annual gatherings which preceded it. Much credit is due the energetic local executive who had in charge the details of this important occasion, for the success which attended their efforts throughout. The special feature of the concerts was, of course, the singing of the various *Mein Heimatvereine*, both in their individual capacities and in the massed choruses, in which the various societies combined with fine effect. Men's singing societies from Toronto, Hamilton, Bay City, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Rochester, Berlin, Waterloo, a women's chorus from Detroit, the Berlin Philharmonic Society, and children's choruses, provided the choral work for the *Fest*. The fine band of the Berlin Musical Society, and the Saengerfest Orchestra, also took an important part in the various programmes presented.

Among the soloists were: Mr. J. D. A. Tripp of Toronto, solo pianist; Miss Racine Boehmer of Berlin, soprano; Miss Laura Acheson of Goderich, violiniste; Mr. J. Churchill Arildge of Toronto, solo flautist; Mr. Charles A. Ruby of Berlin, basso; and Mr. W. H. Schmalz of Berlin, trumpeter, all of whom were very enthusiastically received. Mr. Theodore Zoellner of Berlin proved an efficient general musical director, and his daughter, Miss Emma Zoellner, a sympathetic and effective accompanist. A number of brass bands, United States and Canadian, accompanied the singers from their respective localities, and took part in open-air band concerts during the festival, which wound up with a grand picnic at Woodside Park. Taken all in all, this year's Saengerfest was an unequalled success and will long remain a pleasant memory with the citizens of Berlin and others who were privileged to be present. The names of the Saengerfest executive, to whom special praise is due, are: Messrs. W. R. Travers, George M. Debus, J. Stumpf, J. R. Eden, F. von Neubronn, Otto Schmidt, and Dr. H. G. Lackner.

Mr. Finek, the music critic of the New York *Evening Post*, is an inveterate hater of the music of Brahms. He loses no opportunity to deride the music of this great master, and honestly believes that musicians who profess to admire Brahms' music are indulging in a fad which, like all fads, is destined to have its little day and finally pass away. In a recent issue of the *Evening Post*, in referring to English admiration for Brahms, he observes: "Alma Tadema, George Grove, Georg Henschel, Villiers Stanford, Hubert Parry, E. Trout, and a number of other men known in the art and music world have addressed an appeal to the London papers in behalf of subscriptions to the Brahms monument which is to be created in Vienna. The appeal declares that, 'with the exception, perhaps, of Germany, England, of all countries, has from the outset been foremost in the appreciation of Brahms' works, and in the acknowledgment of his genius.' This is perfectly true, and it forms one of the greatest mysteries in the history of music—or of England. Why Handel and Mendelssohn should have become so popular in England is easy to see; their works are tuneful and easy to comprehend, while their oratorios appealed to the special taste of the English for religious music. But Brahms, the most untuneful, dry, pedantic, unmotional and abstruse of all modern composers—why should he have become the pet of England—a country which he cordially despised? No doubt Joachim and his quartet started the cult, which gradually spread and became a fad. That, perhaps, is the answer. Fads never last long. However, it is to be hoped that Brahms may get his monument." A contemporary comments on Mr. Finek's extreme views on this question as follows: "Come, come, Mr. Finek, 'untuneful, dry, unmotional, is not too much?' How about the songs, the later piano music, the Third Symphony, much of the chamber music? Brahms' emotion is, not Wagner's, i.e., is not dramatic, operatic, yet it is emotional, deeply emotional, the emotion of a strong, self-contained nature, and Brahms was never a fad."

A comprehensive description of the Fletcher Music Method, which is the clever invention of Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher of Toronto, appeared in the *Musical Courier* of August 3: "The aim of this method," as explained by Miss Fletcher, "is to reduce the mental strain which the study of music is to children and to give a fundamental, systematic and logical musical education in a way that shall be natural, thorough and pleasurable, so that music may exercise her three-fold power from the very first, developing the child physically, mentally and spiritually." The attention which has been attracted in leading musical circles of the United States to Miss Fletcher's system, is a high compliment to that lady's talents. In Boston and New York the Fletcher Method has been officially adopted by prominent musical educational institutions, and its general adoption seems to be but a question of a short time.

Mr. Fred. W. Ratcliffe, who for several years past has very successfully filled the position of choirmaster of College street Baptist Church, has resigned his position, much to the regret of the congregation. Under Mr. Ratcliffe's direction the choir of College street church developed a most commendable degree of proficiency both as regards the high standard of its repertoire and the effective manner in which its work was rendered. During last season several programmes of a high order were presented by the choir at special musical services, in which the thoroughness of the choir's discipline and Mr. Ratcliffe's abilities as a conductor were conclusively demonstrated.

The thirteenth Peninsular Saengerfest, which was held in Berlin, Ont., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week, proved an unusually interesting and successful event, rivaling in its artistic achievements and in the material success of the *Fest* any of the twelve annual gatherings which preceded it. Much credit is due the energetic local executive who had in charge the details of this important occasion, for the success which attended their efforts throughout. The special feature of the concerts was, of course, the singing of the various *Mein Heimatvereine*, both in their individual capacities and in the massed choruses, in which the various societies combined with fine effect. Men's singing societies from Toronto, Hamilton, Bay City, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Rochester, Berlin, Waterloo, a women's chorus from Detroit, the Berlin Philharmonic Society, and children's choruses, provided the choral work for the *Fest*. The fine band of the Berlin Musical Society, and the Saengerfest Orchestra, also took an important part in the various programmes presented.

"What made the audience hiss that vegetarian lecturer?" "He said he would deliver a meaty discourse."—*Chicago Record*.

Stranger—is your society here very select? Arizona Al—See them graves over that! They were all filled by felons who came to our dances without invitations.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Just think of Chicago being for four days without a newspaper," said Jinks, "I don't believe it ever happened," said Binks; "it's a canard, to make the city attractive to residents."—*Bazaar*.

Mills—I have great admiration for the colors in the Spanish flag. Brills—Why so? Mills—Because they are the only things in the Spanish army that didn't run when our boys soaked 'em.—*New York Journal*.

Gettin Home Agen.

There meny kinds uv pleaser that human spirits know:
Thers joy that much resembles a streamlet's merry flow.
An raptures interminn, like patches uv the sun
That gleam akross yer pathway a moment, then ar dun;
Thers wealth an fame an beauty affordin gaddeness too.
An musik's soft enchantments that make yer spirit new;
Delighther iz eternl in things that God hez made,—
In sunlit sky and brooklet, in field and forest glade—
So pleasures ar abundant, yet sum folks sit an frown,
Unmindful that rich mercies ar always kumin down;
An the to make seleckshun iz hard when flowers ar fair,
I'm goin onct to ask ye to jest be bold an dare,
An look o'er all life's pleasures, an frankly tell me then,
Ef ey hez a rapture like gettin home agen?

When wuz he bin long absent frum scenes uv childhood days,
An hours but very seldom uv them fur whom he prays,
An finds the kares uv offis fast tellin on his health
Since livin in the city pursuin ways of wealth;

An when wun midst the masses finds little uv that charm
Which lingers in the orchard an lanes upon the farm,

Hiz heart gits often weary, hiz fancies often roan
About the haunts uv childhood, about the dear old home;

Then of ye ken jest tell me, who wears a brighter face

Than such a mortal turnin toward the homestead place?

Upon the street wher people te train ar hurryin in by

A being more delighted ur fearless ken ye sp, t

Uw wun whose look iz sweeter than such a mortal's when

He hastens along rejoicin at gettin home agen.

Fill meny years are numbered, ur maybe jo-ta few,

Since that old place wuz givin a luvin last review:

Yet time hez brt its changes, an these he thinks about

When sittin near the winder in reverie devout,

Klose wakin all the kountry the train iz pa-sin thro;

But tho strange things hez happened, which he kannon undo,

Tho mother's voice iz silent, hur earthly toils all o'er,

An bur-sweet face an welcum he misses at the door:

An tho no dinner-parties ar held az years ago,

When anatz and unklies, kuzins an other folks, know,

Wud kum and spin their stories an eat the steamin gu-e,

Then always tasted better with sparklin apple juice:

Yet Dixie calls the brakesmen, an fore ye ken count ten

The train iz stop, an sum wun sez: "Gettin home agen?"

Tnet night the fire burns brightly within the polid stove,

An friend's cheer enlivens the kottage midst the grove,

Fur wutn within the circle relates what he hez seen,

An satisfies the interest that listens long an keen:

An thin the agin father pokes up the fire a bit, an draws his chair up closer, an when the soa-hoz quit,

Keeps the talkin goin, an tells about the boy's wot:

An how that haulin kord-wud near all their time employs,

An speaks about eleckshuns, until with wun akord,

They say they'll hev sum chekers, and sum wutngs the gitds;

So passes all the evenin, and then they rest till morn,

When off they go inspektin the apples an the corn,

An take a drive to offis along the old road when

Sum neiburs pass an say: "Well! yer gettin home agen?"

An so the visit prosers and pleases more than wun,

Fur evn the old dog Nero enjoys the human fun:

Gay hours ar spent in shootin at rabbits down the lane,

An after dinner go they to see how much he's weighin:

An when the supper's ended they gather all around,

An wun plays on the organ, and singin makes a sound:

Till in sun early mornin he sez "Good-bye," an starts agen fur home,

Out toward the little stashun, an leaves behind the hearts

Whise huv iz evr with him when he iz back at work:

But time brings greater changes, fur wun day with a jerk

They sing and glad y welcum hiz gettin home agen.

M. ARTHUR SHAVER.

Toronto, August, 1898.

Patient—Oh, doctor, if I could only die—Doctor—I'm doing my best for you.—*Boston Courier*.

INCORPORATED TORONTO MON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT</p

Our Front Door.*The New Home of the Salada Tea Company.*

It is a remarkable thing that the front door of a town, the part that gives visitors coming in off the boats or trains their first impression of a place, is usually the most ugly. One would think that the first care of a town would be to have its water-front as imposing as possible, but such is seldom the case. In most if not all towns in this country the docks immediately about the station or port are the dullest quarter of the place. Nowhere was this more noticeable than in Toronto ten or fifteen years ago. Within the last decade, however, a noticeable improvement set in. The waterfront was straightened. Better docks were built, the old sheds and boat-houses on the Esplanade done away with, and

otherwise—it is taken to the top floor, where it is blended with the other necessary brands, to make the world-famous Salada, in a machine worked by electricity. On the floor below, by an ingenious machine, the invention of Mr. P. C. Larkin, and now used all over America, it is packed in the sealed lead packets which are a feature of this tea and first introduced into this country by the Salada Company. Three men, by the use of this machine, can weigh and pack tea at the rate of six hundred packages an hour. The packages are then shot down a chute to the floor below, where they are labeled. Then down they shoot again to the next floor, where they are packed in wooden cases ready to be shipped. There are forty-two employees of the Salada Company engaged in the building alone. The Salada Tea Company have built up their great trade in but six years. It was

being called upon by numerous friends who look on him as the president of "The all good fellows club." Mr. Powell was serenaded by the Capital Lacrosse Club of Ottawa here on Saturday last.

Mr. Ralph E. Axton, one of Brantford's best known and most popular young men, is in town to-day. Axton kept up his reputation as one of the star amateur cyclists of Canada at a number of C.W.A. meets this week.

Mr. James Sutherland, M.P., of Woodstock, has returned from Rat Portage.

Mr. F. F. Pardee, M.P.P. for West Lambton, and Mrs. Pardee, of Sarnia, are at the Rossin.

Mrs. O. J. Armstrong and Miss Helen MacCallum of Cobourg were in town the first part of the week.

Mrs. MacFarlane and Miss MacFarlane of Stratford and Miss Gurd of Sarnia are spending the latter part of the week in town from New York last week.

Mr. C. R. Meredith, Jr., Mrs. Edmund Meredith, Miss Meredith and Miss Murray of London, Ont., were in town this week.

Dr. C. K. Ross of Brockville was in town this week.

Amongst members of the Ontario Legislature stopping at the Rossin who have been accompanied this week by members of their families are Mr. H. J. Pettypiece of Forest and his son Charles, and Mr. John H. Douglas of Warkworth and his son.

Mr. Robert Cummings and Mrs. Cummings have returned from Muskoka.

The Misses Fletcher of Euclid Avenue have returned to the city after spending a pleasant two weeks' holiday at Jackson's Point.

Mr. Horace G. Shaver and his mother, Mrs. (Dr.) Shaver of Stratford are guests at the Penetanguishene Hotel, Penetanguishene.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald and

their family, with Mrs. Arthur Harrison are leaving for Long Branch next Monday.

Mrs. R. C. Winlow and her daughter Lois sailed this week via New York for Germany, where Miss Winlow will continue her musical studies.

Crown Attorney Dewart left for vacation last Thursday, and will return on September 1.

Mr. Harry Westwick, one of Ottawa's leading sportsmen, and a very popular young man with Torontonians, was in town this week.

Mr. George S. Crawford, the popular and up-to-date manager of the Bank of Montreal, and family, are spending August at their pretty island cottage.

Mr. John W. Hobbs, the popular Varsity football captain, was in town this week.

Mrs. Norman S. French, one of the most popular young men around town, returned from New York last week.

Mr. Courtney Kingstone is at Gregory, Muskoka, on vacation.

His Honor Judge Morson, Hon. President Osgoode Hall A.A.A., has returned to town. His Honor watched "the copers" at their annual games on the Island oval Wednesday.

Mr. Walter Moss has been moved to the Winnipeg branch of the Bank of Commerce.

Mr. I. B. Lucas, Conservative M.P.P. of Center Grey, is staying with friends on Harbor street. Is Mr. Lucas or Mr. McDairmid the youngest member of the Ontario Legislature?

Mrs. Schreiber of Springfield on the Credit has gone to England to live. Artists and art lovers will miss her charming and picturesque presence and finished work.

Many friends will be interested to hear of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bendelari, both of whom were most popular.

lar and esteemed young people here previous to their marriage and removal to Columbus, Ohio.

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PRICES:

Full Set Best Teeth, perfect fit guaranteed or no pay, \$6.

Good set, \$4.

22k Gold Crowns \$5.

Gold Fillings \$1 up.

Silver Fillings 75c.

Teeth without Plate, \$5.

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The New "Salada" Building.

the land on which they stood reclaimed. The new station was built, and the York street bridge, recently completed, marks another step in the right direction. Another such step in making our front entrance presentable is the Salada Tea Company's building just lately remodelled. It stands between the Bank of Hamilton and the Bank of Montreal on Yonge street. It is a five-story structure, and is not only one of the most handsomely appointed business places in the city, but is said to be the finest tea-house in the world. The fine wide entry hall, with its tiled floor, its Grecian style of architecture and its pebbled glass doors in the shadow at the back, is a pleasant glimpse of cool-

they that introduced the Ceylon growth of tea to this country; it was this company that first advertised tea as a special brand in Canada; they that first put it up in lead packets so that the consumer would not only get the tea fresh, but would get it as blended by experts. Formerly this important process was left to the grocer, who was naturally not to be expected to know as much about the blending of teas as those who devote their whole time to it. A million and a half pounds of tea in packets are now sent out by the Salada firm annually. One reason for the phenomenal proportions of the trade attained in the short space of six years is that the Company are



Entry Hall of the Big Tea House.

ness and grace as one passes the open doors. The offices are in keeping with the entrance. On the right is the testing room, where the different brands of teas are tasted and experiments in blending are made by a staff of experts. In the rear of the testing room are the luxuriously appointed private offices of the firm. Across the hall is the general office, where the business part of the company's operations is done. The rest of the building is devoted to the different processes of blending, packing and shipping. When the tea first comes in, after its journey from Ceylon, it is tested. If it passes the test—and not

firm believers in advertising, and Mr. P. C. Larkin, the manager, is one of the brightest ad. writers in the business. Advertisements are no permanent good, however, if the article advertised won't bear out on trial what is said about it. And Salada Tea fulfills all its promises.

Within the last ten years Toronto has been literally transformed by the improvement in the style of her new buildings. The latest of these, the home of the Salada Tea Company, down by our front door, as we have said, compares well with the new structures that are helping to make Toronto more dignified, imposing and compact.

Social and Personal.

Mr. T. Alex. Davies has returned from a visit to Woodstock, and has charge of the organ and choir at Central Presbyterian church for three weeks during Mr. V. P. Hunt's vacation. Mr. Davies also played very acceptably for the large congregations at Cocke's church for four weeks this summer.

Mr. William Brydson, who in the interests of a large Toronto firm spends the greater part of his time in British Columbia, is staying for a few weeks with friends in town.

Miss Birdie Mason of 100 College street has returned from a very pleasant visit at Long Branch.

The following are registered at the Robinson House, Big Bay Point: Mr. W. A. Forth of Field, B.C.; Mr. John Fetterly of Gravenhurst; Mr. E. W.

Fulton of Austin, Texas; Mr. H. M. Dymont of Rochester, N.Y.; Mrs. J. Harrison Vernon of Toronto; Mr. H. Ellis, wife and family, and Mr. Andy Carson of Barrie.

Mr. Charles St. Enchen of New York, who has been a guest of the merry bachelors of Albert Cottage, Balmy Beach, has been called to Detroit to sing at a kermis, but may return and finish his visit. Mrs. Hardwell and Mr. St. Enchen were guests at the Yacht Club dance Monday evening.

Mr. J. M. Kendry and Miss Kendry, of Peterborough, and Miss Hignbotham of New York are in town this week.

Mr. John Dickens, M.P.P., Glanford, and Mrs. Dickenson are in town.

Mr. Berkeley Powell, the bright young Conservative member for Ottawa, is at the Queen's for the session, where he is

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This applies alike to quality of material, every detail of finish and the taste involved in their general make-up.

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We also have them in Royal Bonn Ware. The decorative effects produced in Royal Bonn Ware are very stylized and striking.

There are a few lines in Porcelain Art Ware that we have placed on the closing-out list to make room for Fall goods.

Beautiful goods can be had just now at bargain prices.

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A Canadian Artiste...

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"Yours truly,
MARGARET TREW."

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lar and esteemed young people here previous to their marriage and removal to Columbus, Ohio.

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Teeth without Plate, \$5.

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Bangs cut and curled..... 15c.
Hair cut and singed..... 25c.
Hair cut, singed and shampooed..... 50c.
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Suitable for any business or profession. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer.
THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Public Buildings, Ingersoll, Ontario," to be received until Tuesday, August 25th, 1896, for the construction of a Building at Ingersoll, Ont.

Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at the office of J. B. Jackson, Ingersoll, Ont.

Persons are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied and signed with their actual signature.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, enclosing a portion of money due on the tender, which will be forfeited if the party does not enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 5th, 1896.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

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Coleman's Salt
THE BEST

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Speech Impediment Among Canadians.

Over Ten Thousand Cases Estimated, says a Reliable Authority.

CAREFULLY compiled statistics by Mr. S. T. Church, the experienced head of Church's Auto-Voce Institute, covering a period of eight years, safely estimate the number of persons in Canada who are troubled with various forms of speech defect to be no less than ten thousand. This estimate does not include a vast number who through sheer carelessness and neglect fail to enunciate distinctly. Seventy-five percent of the above number are stammerers.

The statistics referred to contain an exhaustive description of the causes leading up to this unavoidable state of affairs. Among nearly two thousand cases in attendance at Church's Auto-Voce Institute during the eight years of its existence upwards of one thousand five hundred have been stammerers, a very large proportion of whom have been members of the first families. Even in consideration of the very excellent results achieved by this institution, and the fact that its doors are never closed from one year's end to another, it cannot, if taxed to its fullest capacity, do little more than meet the annual increase in speech impediment among Canadians alone. This Institute holds the unique position of being the only established institution in its particular line of work in Canada. Of the two thousand cases referred to eighty per cent. are resident in Canada. Fifty per cent. of these belong to the Province of Ontario, twenty-five per cent. of whom are citizens of Toronto. The remaining twenty per cent. are representatives of United States, Great Britain and Germany. It may be said to the credit of Church's Auto-Voce Institute and its superior curriculum that in no instance where the Auto-Voce Course has been properly completed and the instructions complied with, has there been else than the most satisfactory results. Scarcely ten per cent. of the large patronage of this institute have failed through reason of circumstances or indisposition to realize the good results arising from the completed Auto-Voce Course.

The success of this institution since the date of its inauguration in this city in 1890 has been attended by the usual number of aspirants to equal honors, no less than nine futile attempts having been made within the last six years. The sincerest flattery has in a number of these instances been awarded the Auto-Voce Institute by the unwarranted adoption of its advertising literature, its entrance agreements, application blanks, etc., and in a couple of instances the use of the term "Auto-Voce School" as an outside sign. In fact, it has been the exception to find any literature in circulation of late years referring to stammering, etc., that does not bear the evidence of plagiarizing from the literary productions of Church's Auto-Voce Institute. This institution in this respect is not to be regarded as exceptional. Nearly all if not all successful enterprises meet with similar experiences. Perhaps one of the most sensible and at the same time acceptable business rules of the Auto-Voce Institute is the non-publication of the names and addresses of students, especially when such are preceded by a testimonial which in most cases is prepared by those interested in securing it. To such an extent has the prepared testimonial privilege been abused that the public have become justly wary of those who find it a necessity to resort to questionable business methods. Instead of parading the names of students unnecessarily the management of the Auto-Voce Institute furnishes *bona fide* enquirers with any required number of names and addresses, leaving the correspondence free from any suspicion so far as the management is concerned. Returning to the subject of speech impediment among Canadians, Mr. Church's statistics reveal the fact that speech troubles are not confined to the lower and middle classes. The Auto-Voce Institute register shows that from among the wealthy and educated classes no less than 47 sons and daughters of bankers, 111

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J. J. WITHEROW H. J. HILL

President Manager, Toronto.

Miss Al'na Beaton, niece of Mr. David Spence of Brock avenue, took place at the home of the latter, on Wednesday morning. Rev. J. W. Bell was the officiating minister. Miss Robinson of Brampton was bridesmaid and Mr. J. D. Spencer best man. Mr. and Mrs. Lee left on the boat for honeymoon in the Thousand Islands and down east by the river route. Mr. Lee and his bride have many friends in Toronto who send them hearty good wishes, and will welcome them home again.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Gravely, wife of Colonel Vance Gravely, was received with deep regret by her many friends. Always winning and sweet in manner, a woman of much culture, and void of the smallest self-consciousness, as well as possessing the charm of a most

gentleman's wardrobe needs the revolutionizing almost akin to her ladyship's to be complete. Styles of goods, change of colors, the colors are changed, and effects; and then the plates, while not so pronounced, there is always variety enough to make difference enough to preclude the possibility of sameness in garments from one season to the next. There's no such thing as absolute perpetuation of styles in any kind of dress, and man shares in the changes too. Henry A. Taylor, the Draper, the Rossin Block, makes a careful study of style-changes, and, perhaps, little improvement can easily be made in the work of the tailor who is not an artist too, might be missed. He is quick to note and introduce these into the garments he designs. Combine with this the exclusive lines of fine woolsens imported by Mr. T. and you get near perfection in artistic tailoring as is possible. Just now there's the interest of the new season and its styles, and it will be a pleasure to have you discuss them with so high an authority on high-class clothing to order as he is.

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